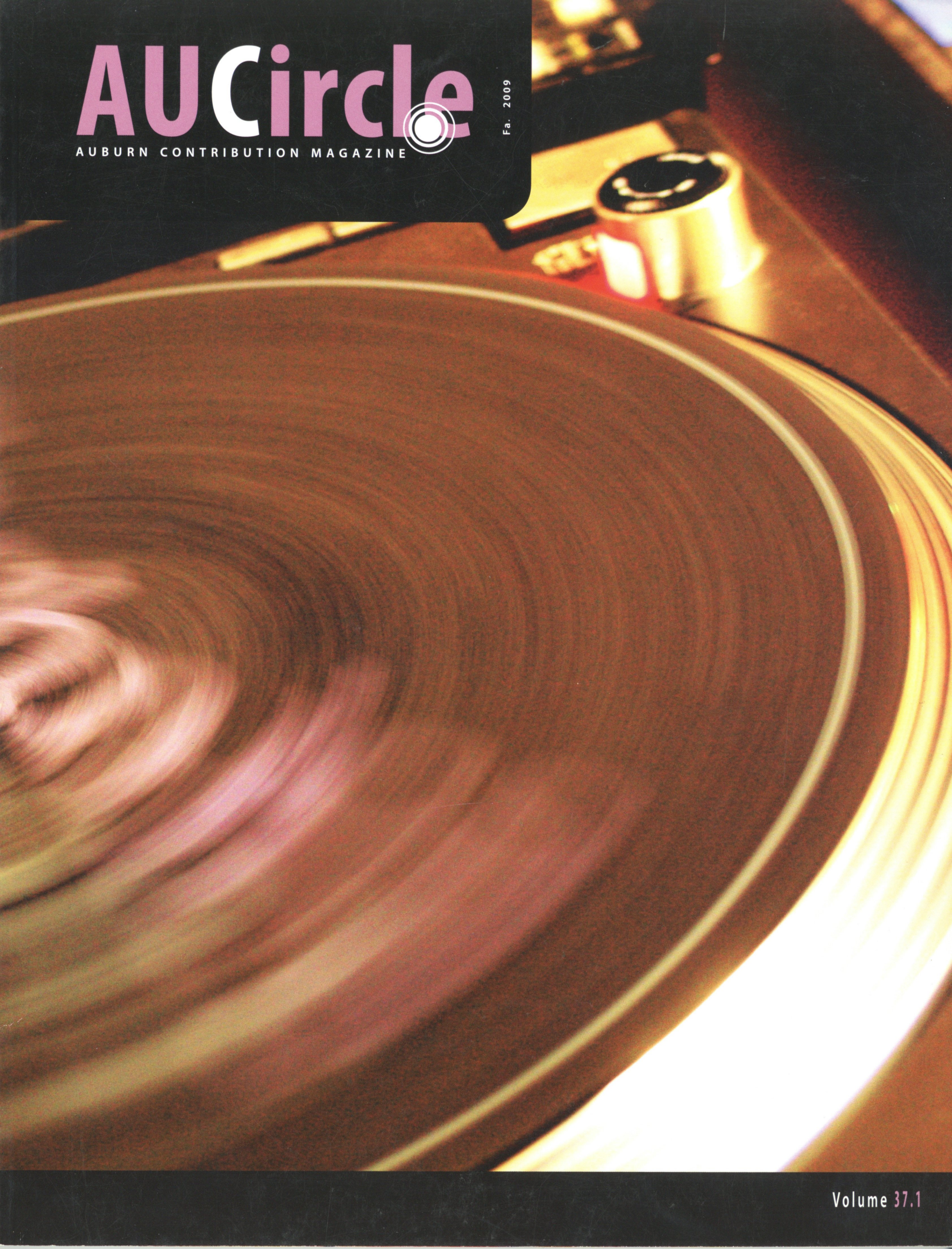


AUCircle

AUBURN CONTRIBUTION MAGAZINE



Fa. 2009



Volume 37.1



THE AUBURN CIRCLE

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The Fall 2009 issue of the Auburn Circle is here and I am pleased to be able to showcase our final selections for the magazine.

I am extremely impressed with the quality and quantity of works that are continually submitted and I believe that it has contributed greatly to the success of the magazine. I am so proud to show off the works selected this year, and believe them to be the highest quality of art, photography, design, and literature.

It's hard to believe that I have been a part of the Circle for four years. I am very proud to have served as a staff member for such a creative outlet for the Auburn family, and it has been wonderful to see it continue to grow and improve each year.

Of course this magazine would not have been possible without the help of my managing editors and the entire staff, as well as everyone in Student publications. I would also like to thank the students, faculty, and administrators of Auburn University and you the reader, for without your support and talents, this magazine would cease to exist.

It is my hope that you enjoy the magazine and continue to support this wonderful publication for many years to come.

Vicki Johnson
Editor-in-Chief



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Full Circle

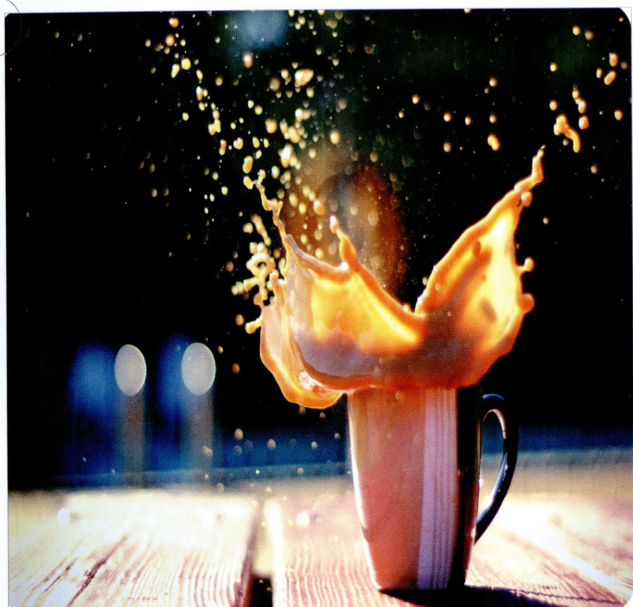
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A dancer with just one arm
Can spin as fast as a dervish
A dervish with no money
Can be as rich as a king
A king without a crown
Can have the power of a hunter
A hunter with no weapons
Can outsmart the slyest fox
A fox without a hiding place
Can run with the speed of a rocket
A rocket without direction
Can fly as high as the stars
Stars hidden by city lights
Can be the map for a ship's captain
A captain with no compass
Can split the waves like a porpoise
A porpoise with no giggle
Can leap with the grace of a dancer

5



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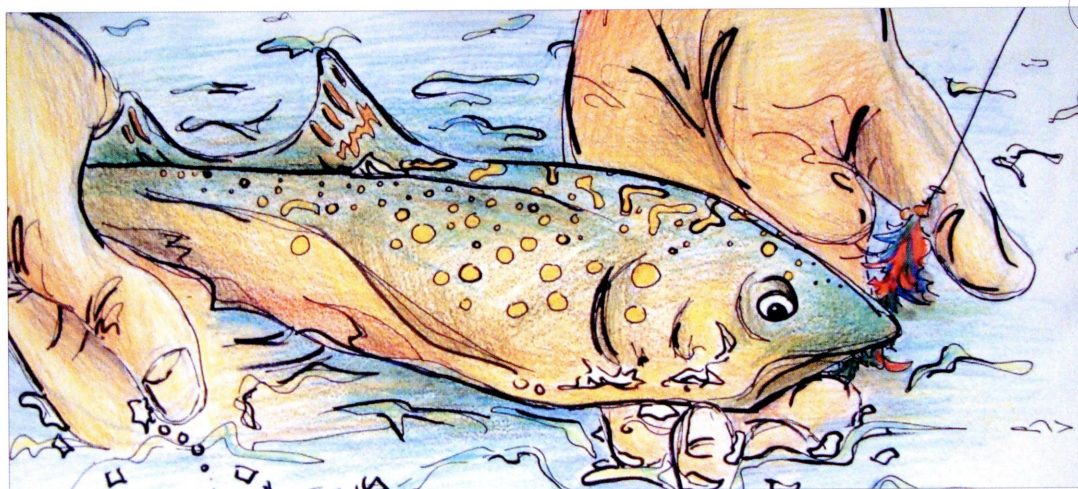


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5. "Untitled" : prismacolor marker, KATA GREGG 6. "Coffee Splash" : photograph, JONATHON STONE
 7. "Matthew 7 Verse 7" : Canon sX110 IS, LAUREL SCHWEERS 8. "Fly Fishing" : water color pencils, HILLARY FLOYD

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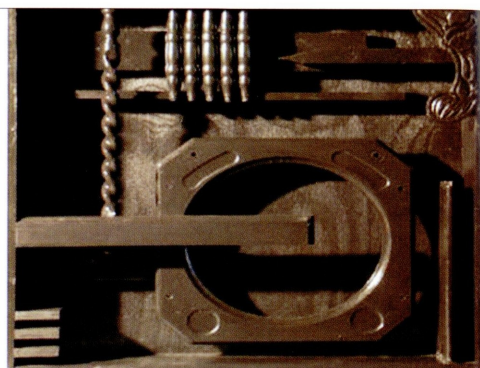
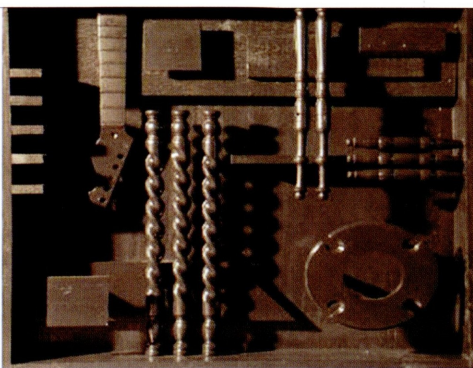
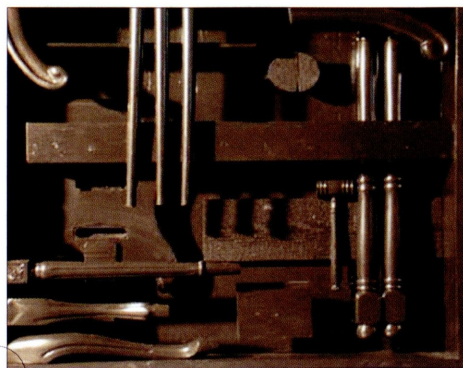
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1. "Sweet Potato Restaurant Entry": prisma color pencils and prisma markers, SARAH V. GREEN
2. "Dress Flat": markers and colored pencils, LAUREN MELLOR 3. "Friday Afternoon": Canon EOS Rebel K2, BETHANY DONALDSON

4. "hi": Canon Rebel xsi, LINDSAY HALES



1

Puzzle

2

I'm hidden under the white linen
as your volume increases. Covering
as you began leaning over me.
The harsh, penetrating light drew
a sharp silhouette of your frame.
I began tracing my finger
across your outline. Abruptly,
you stopped me and yelled, calling me
a child. Something shakes me, I emerge
now. Louder and agreeing with every
word. I was that simple, like the 10
piece puzzles we used to construct.
You were just too busy trying
to find all the wrong pieces. You
couldn't put me together.
I was over your attempts,
never leading to our perfect
fit. But with it all, my pieces
still scattered, sprinkled across the places
we once shared. One more day
gone. I am unsolved.

5

Static Stars

Some stars will believe that a shooting star,
Is just debris glancing the atmosphere,
But for static stars who watch from afar,
It's a message of hope to their sole fear.

Because each star burns its own life away,
Striving to shine more than any before,
Daring to sail from its own port one day,
But too insecure to lose sight of shore.



3



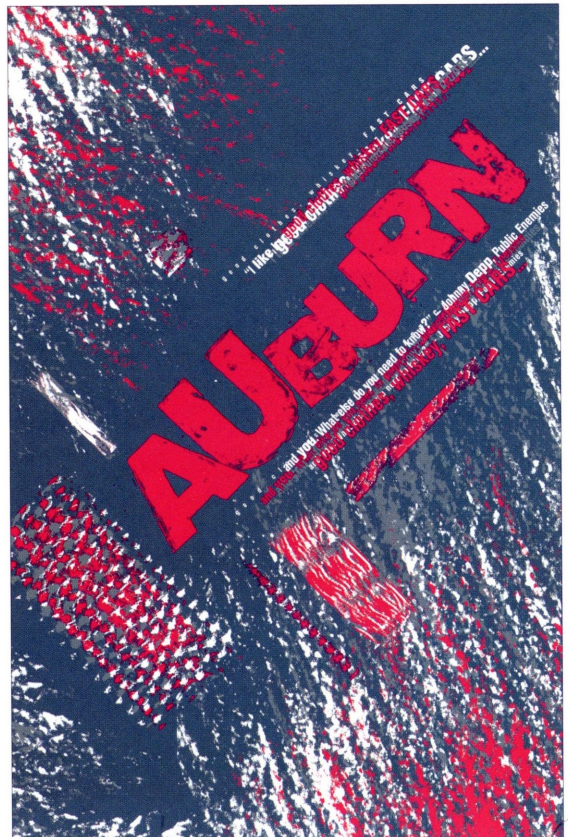
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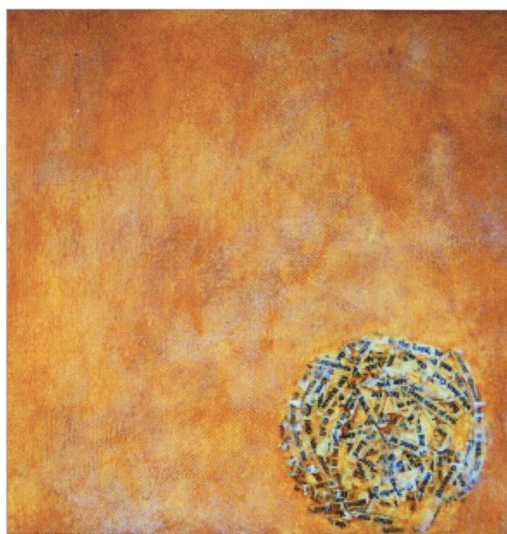
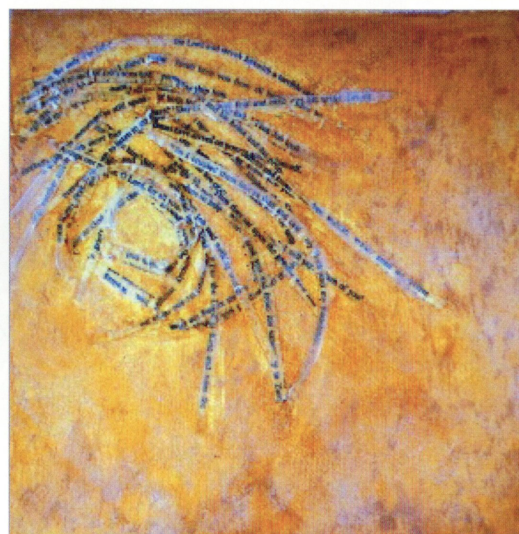
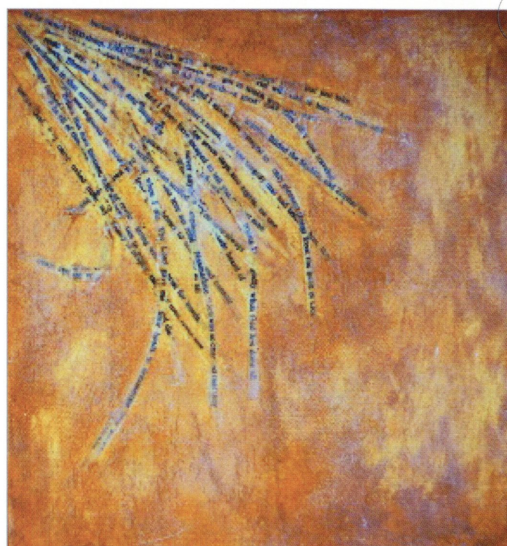
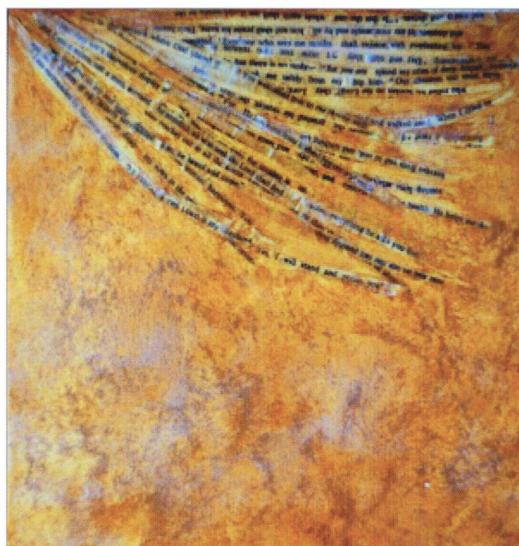
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6. "Barley and Vine Building perspective" : google sketch-up, AMANDA EUBANKS

7. "Regard et Ecouter Stationery Suite" : graphic design, ERIKA BILBO 8. "Auburn Speedster" : InDesign, AUDREY MATTHEWS





Little Dinosaurs

The rolling pin with red handles steers itself across a sweet and malleable bed of dough that I emboss images of dinosaurs onto. Tiny hands blur the sharp creases on the way to the foil-lined pan atop the stove. Little dino arms and claws scatter shaplessly, the cool dough forms a messy batter on my brother's hands, so we clean up to read a book about trains-NO! Raptors. Because last week it was chugga choo choos but now they are extinct. The timer beeps and we sniff. As I find an oven mitt, he catches a whiff and smiles wide at the sight of his plump creatures; I smile too at the delight of his life's latest feature.

1



2 Tequila

I like you much better
 with his haze drawn over my eyes—
 like curtains, never losing flight;
 like the promise of fiery night.
 I like you much better
 when I can't remember
 if That was five years ago
 or five minutes—
 minutes that never lose flight,
 like the promise of fiery night.
 I like you much better
 when my heart's footsteps are so heavy
 my voice dances; my skin begins to sing,
 when the only thing that matters in the dan
 is that it never stops—for anything.
 The nicotine-from-somewhere
 embraces our breath
 and we glide along a path made just-for-us,
 going anywhere,
 anywhere but Death,
 'cause this is Life, don't you know?
 Funny how, somehow, I remember it slow
 when I'm sure that it happened
 so fast:
 the light in our eyes,
 falling,
 forgetting,
 Future, flash, Present,
 Past;
 then a sting, and the flight of my dress;
 the map of your hands
 on my flesh.



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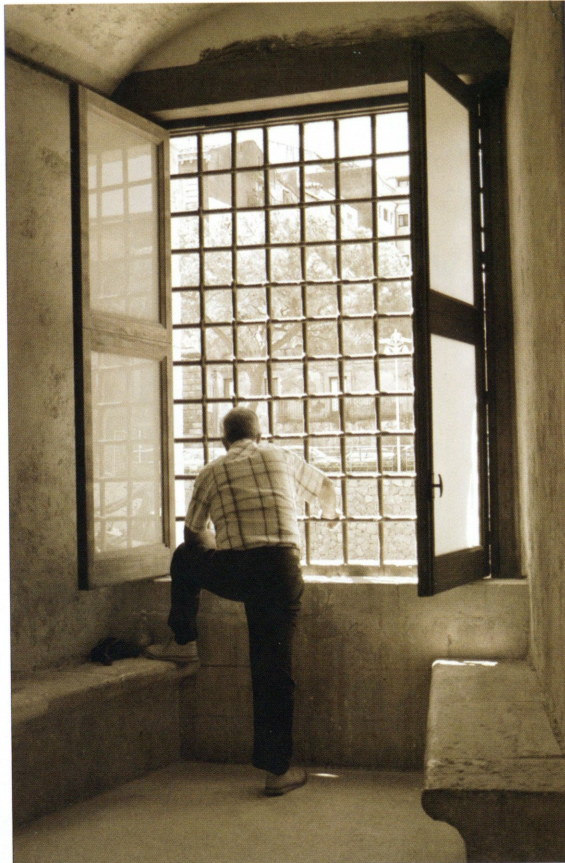
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"While you were taking a **30 MINUTE** shower..."

Children in Uganda went in search for clean water to use. Some walk for miles and carry the water back to their home. Clean water is a scarcity in most third-world countries. Yet, Americans use on average 100 gallons of water a day per person for personal use.

Close to 4 million people die each year due to water related diseases. Most due to the lack of an available clean water supply. Wells can easily be put in, yet most families do not have the money to purchase a said luxury.

Bread not Bombs seeks to change this.
Visit www.breadnotbombs.org for more information.



3 Highway 14

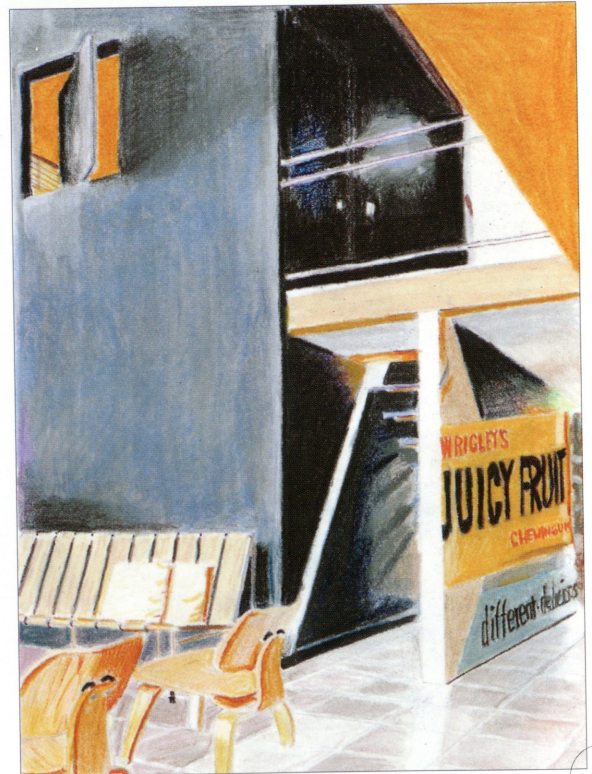
Witnessed this year were many sad sights you see
On a route plainly called highway fourteen
I've numbered them clearly, from three two one
Three being sad and one weighing the heart a ton

The third sight, a bird, who in mid flight,
Was sailing low across the road and in his own right
A car then struck him while cruising along
Putting an end forever to the little bird's song

The second view, though slightly askew
Was of a dog with a tail broken in two
He erupted with screams as the truck passed by
And fled from the road believing the end was nigh

The first scene I saw was a squirrel who'd taken a fall
Lying motionless in the road, but that was not all
His friend sprang to him, to remove him from the lane
Trying to shake him from his slumber, but all was in vain

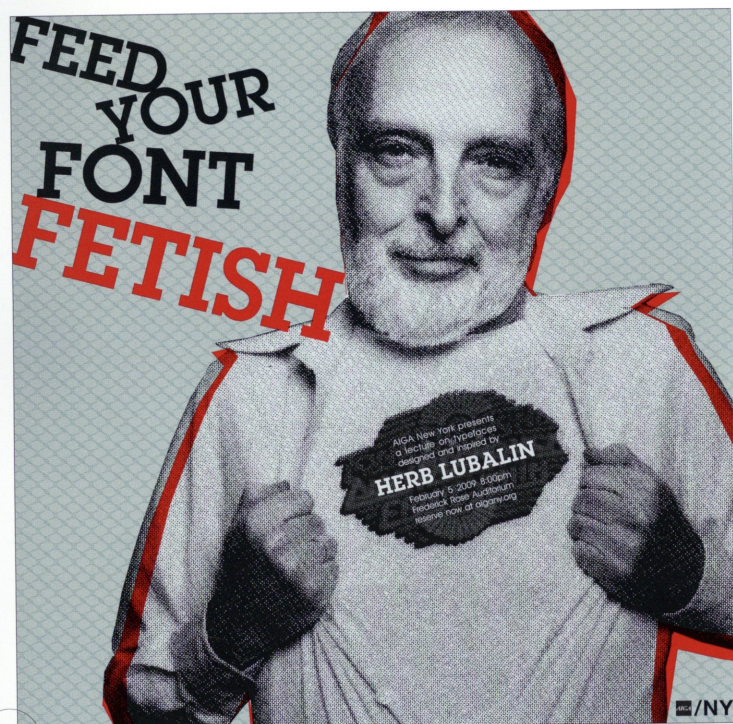
The three tails that ended on that winding road
Leave upon the sympathetic, quite a load
These things do happen, with no one to blame
But all in all it's still a shame



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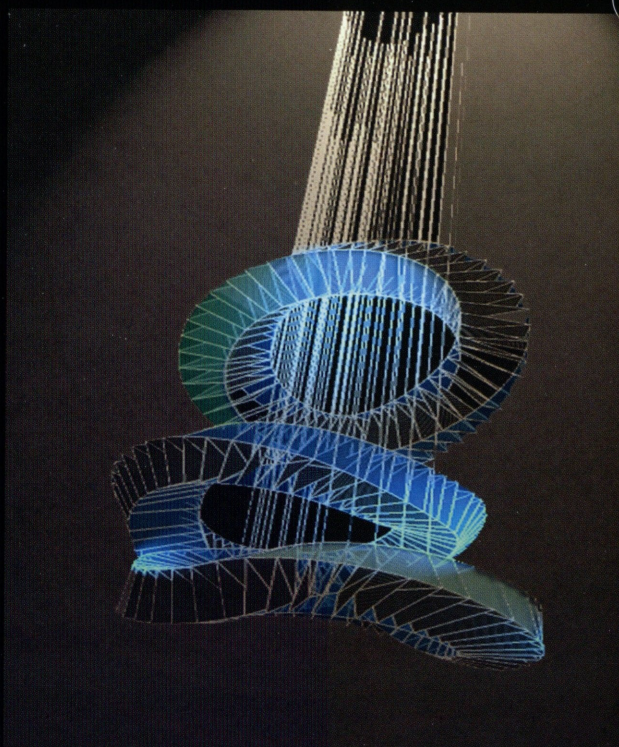


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1. "Portrait Colors" : mixed acrylics, ALYSSA RACHELS 2. "Strange Loop Lighting" : digital lighting design, LISA TRINH
3. "Gulu, Uganda" : Canon 40D, SARAH CHAPLIN

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4. "Souq" : photograph, NOURAH SAID 5. "Guiding Light" : Canon Rebel XS, HILARY BARRINGER
6. "Wrapped Roots" : plastic neon tape, JAMIE ANKENBRANDT 7. "Jars" : oil paint, KATHRYN COOPER

I feel boxed,
 jailed behind a window
 so clear with all life's
 breath on the other side
 which cannot be touched or sensed
 in any other way than this;

this view of temptation

and rejection stings heavily in my mind
 which so longingly desires to feel the wind
 to its face and touch the
 body of love and warmth,

but is locked

locked fourfold by years of informality;
 as if I must study the body of
 a lover of many years passed
 before I can touch her again;

to feel her is no different

and I do not see a different picture
 than that which chains me to this desk,
 forcing me to put in words my description
 when I wish to point of death to express in blood

the silence with which my heart beats for her

A window never felt so cold as this
 which clouds begin to cover



3

Pissin' Impossible

One day I had to pee my pants;
 I left a big wet spot;
 I would have liked to pee perchance,
 standing above the pot;
 I settled for my underwear;
 I peed an awful lot;
 My dream to have the perfect pee
 never would be caught!

All that holds my attention is
 sitting on my leg, my thigh.
 It's nice, this ride, because all
 I have to think about is
 resting—your hand: still;
 my stomach; flipping, moving
 so that my hand doesn't jump.
 While yours is busy, sitting there
 doing as it should.
 It's me that wants to line up
 our wrists, bracelets together,
 but it seems so undone; more
 that we shouldn't than we should
 because we just aren't there yet?
 The truth is we are undone.

5

Sixteen

The concrete strip
 I sailed on
 was the backbone
 of the mountain lying
 face down. It was
 night and heavy.
 It was. Some lush had
 hit a telephone pole
 and the flashing lights
 choreographed their dancing
 with the singing
 sirens. The music was
 assaulting coming
 from the four corners
 of my car and I didn't
 hear a thing. A virile
 police officer rushed
 up to me—panting empty
 casings of words—
 chewing me out
 for running over
 a downed wire. My neighbor
 (a volunteer fire fighter)
 had told him
 to go tell me.
 The succession left
 me confused. I looked
 to my left and saw
 the wire hissing and spitting
 at me for being
 on its tail. Black wires
 on black concrete blend
 in so well at night
 you cannot see what lies
 in front of you.

I saw you
 when I pulled in
 my drive, motionless
 and alone on the diving
 board of the dock,
 dressed in a white gown,
 face sunk forward.
 Dripping fireflies circled
 you in bent lines
 and you didn't look
 over when I drove past.

6

Gravity

I believe in electricity.
 I'm addicted to staying awake.
 My heartbeat
 rises and falls
 with the music—
 can you blame those who, in the silence,
 break?
 I am lost in the flight of the fire that rides in the sound.
 All I know is that music makes my blood go around,
 not letters, falling off the ends of words;
 not walls that kidnap airwaves,
 walls that quench the sun;
 not flowers, not even impossible beauty of the ground;
 without it my heart makes no sound:
 music makes my blood go around.
 My lungs are jumping,
 pulled by a hook dug right into my chest,
 and my breath goes wherever the whisper leads me,
 death or entrancement may it be,
 and if it stops moving,
 my soul turns to stone.
 If I were alone with the newspaper
 I would write all the headlines
 so that Nothing was known
 except music makes the world go around.

The lacing of our fingers
 would fall: like us, but still
 undone.

8

Something Familiar

All it takes is a single glance,
 An intercourse of sight.
 Between ruffled locks of
 stained hair,
 Through colored bone and
 skin
 Elegantly pierced by ink and
 needle
 Into an electrified pulse of a
 dilated iris.
 And you cannot help but stare
 in a stupor,
 As the external information
 passes into the
 very core of your nerves,
 Could it be?
 Nothing comes between the
 meeting of eyes.
 The iron-clad lock and key of
 the mind,
 They are always the same.

7



"The Cross Tree"

It is a chilly October dawn and I'm sitting on our wrap-around porch, watching. A woman stands under the water oak tree—the only one in the whole 3-acre grove that hasn't turned brilliant shades of beet red or fiery orange. You see, water oak leaves only know two colors in their lifespan: green and brown. I have a colored mind like that woman's out there.

She's not related to me now, in the state she's in. An hour ago she was Mother, who got up at 5 a.m. just like always to start the coffemaker. The bright half moon of last night has given way to dim sunrise colors. She tapped on the door of my room exactly 30 minutes later, whether or not I occupy the space. I am 26 years old and can hardly be called a regular here at the country house on Alice Street. My place is elsewhere; I **made** my place to be elsewhere because I didn't want it to be here. The truth is, I come "home" to keep my mother from going **fully** mad. I know her dementia worsened years ago after my father died. If that woman sees my face every once in awhile, she will stay partly sane because she'll remember what tradition she and I had.

The tradition of hanging little crosses on the water oak tree is the one that keeps her busy in the grove right now. Not crucifixes. Crosses. An hour ago Mother was waking me with her customary knock. In *this* hour she is "that mad woman on Alice Street" who always treks outside every autumn, even in the cold, to adorn her lone water oak with colored paper crosses looped with yarn ties. They say that woman is chanting names one by one as the branches are laden with a few more crosses each day.

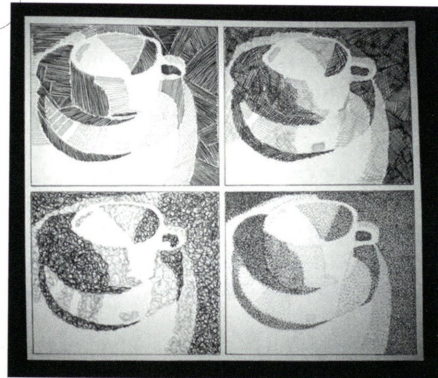
When that woman was Mother, she was impeccably smart and knew exactly what she was doing. "Here—we're going to honor your uncle's memory in the Christmas season," she explained to me, a growing child. "Put your fingers through the scissor handles like this. Follow the outline I drew on the paper. Now write your uncle's name there on the cross you just cut out. We'll go hang it on the water oak tree, then pray that your aunt will be comforted while she's sad without him." I obeyed and cut crosses. When people close to us left the earth, or even others in the small community, we put more on the tree. It was a tree of remembrance.

So there she stands now, hanging crosses for my father. I'm watching the circle of life go by. Not only in these trees changing their seasons, but in my mother's seasons. I used to be the child-like one who would carelessly throw on a coat and boots while forgetting my socks. It was **me**, wasn't it, who was too short to reach the higher branches and would have to crane my neck upward. Now it's her; the cycle of youth has come back around again, and her mind is reduced to that of a five-year-old. The woman walks around without any cares, clutching her treasures, placing them where she can with very great care. I sit in the early morning shadow, just watching her.

She **used** to know me. Because look... she hung the last one. It flutters, dangling there amid the others. I know she won't ever go back to being Mother again tonight like she sometimes can. She wrote **my** name on that last paper cross.

Fall Morning

The bass of the jazz band rumbles in the background,
My legs propped upon the desk
With a warm cup of coffee in my hand,
Black as night but sweet as powered sugar,
a perfect contraction in it's on right.
The crisp scent of the fresh breeze
Exhausted from its northern travels
Rests upon the open window-pane
Chasing away the stained sweat of summer from my brow
The smell of pumpkin and cinnamon fill the kitchen.
And suddenly time becomes a non-existing factor of life,
I find myself lying outside in the foothills of sweet Georgia
A turkey baking in the oven,
And painted leaves falling on my face.



1. "The Cross Tree": fiction, PAMELA EVANS 2. "Fall Morning": poetry, KATY GOODMAN

3. "Coffee Cups": drawing, KRISTINA TANNER 4. "Charcoal Study 4": vine and willow charcoal, LAURA LILIANA BARDIN

4



5

Mama's Hands

They are just like her mother's hands with wrinkles,
but these are her own freckles, and this skin
is a cream color. Moving like a maple branch,
they gracefully sweep through their duties.

A constant reminder of her aging
body, those knuckles work ceaselessly
on the desk, reaching, always there
with no need for a mirror to see.

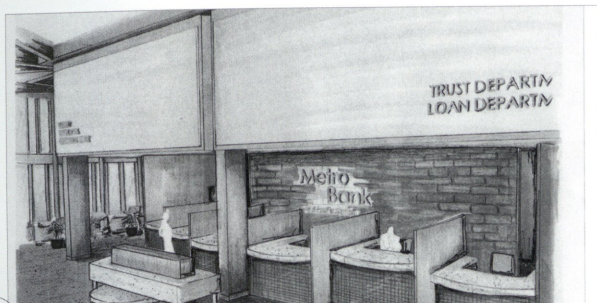
Her gentle arms now hang from my shoulders;
my reflection shows her former waist and hips,
and the statements I remember most
now creep smoothly from my lips.

8

A Lighter & a Wasted Piece of Paper

What man do I look like tonight?
Just lie and tell me it's alright.
It's hard to show kindness again,
You'll burn it in a drought-dried field.
If you can catch me with a grin
At your vain pursuits—I'm a shield.
Will that remind you of your name?
Just lie and forget the last weeks
Like they never mattered to speak,
Times are clocks and clocks time the same.
You draw victory as a gift,
I gave it to you like I cared—
Feeling the wind begin to shift
The flames to your heart from your stare.

6



Growing?

7

I wish you could have known me,
When I was young and beautiful.
Full of dreams, chasing the wind
I wish you could have known me then.

Watched me fall in love,
Do reckless things.
Drink life and adventure from a saucer,
Oh, I wish you'd of known me then.

But life has a way
Of taking things away
And youth is always the first to go.
Some grow up too fast,
Some too slow,
But we all grow up,
Our lives continue to go.

Until the day we are standing still,
On the edge of flying again.
Clawing, hanging on,
Not wanting to leave the ground.

Forgetting freedom,
Wanting to be bound.
The youthful luster of adventure
Has been swept away.

We stand trembling,
Not wanting to embrace
What we've become today.

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Tandem Bike

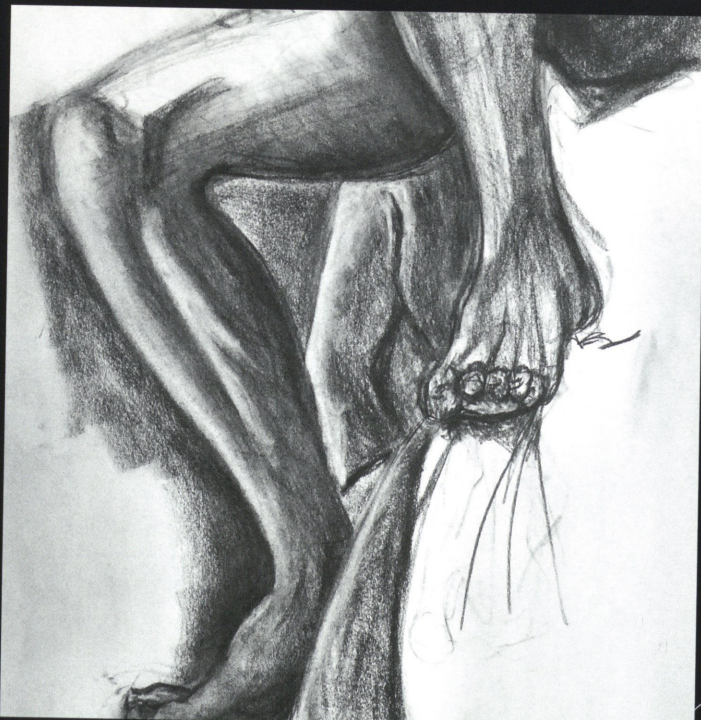
Leaving the office
 At a quarter past seven
 Not really working just
 Murdering some time
 And I stop at a Starbucks though I
 Don't really drink coffee and I
 Order a latte just to
 Watch it lose steam

And when I get home I
 Don't turn the lights on I
 Just flip through
 Channels in the dark
 And I don't take my clothes off but I
 Do take my shoes off and I
 Sleep on the couch cause the
 Bed feels so big

One empty wine glass and
 Half a frozen yogurt
 Sitting on the counter just
 Collecting some flies
 And in the morning when I wake up I
 Turn off the TV and the
 Coffee's done brewing and I
 Pour it down the sink

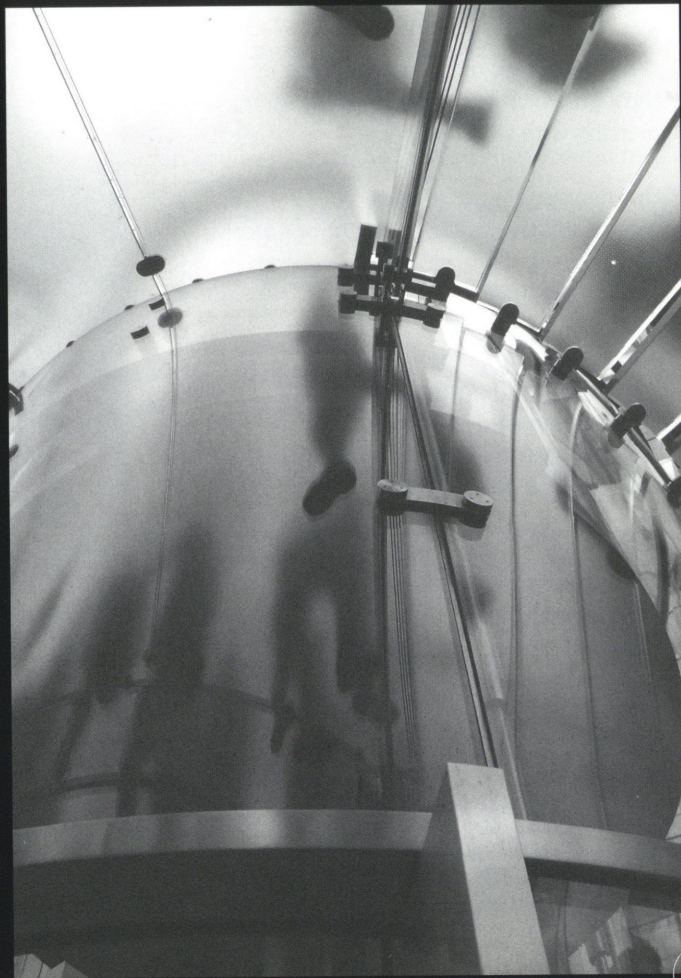
And life feels like a
 Tandem bike and I'm
 Sitting in the backseat
 Trying to reach the pedals with
 No one in front to steer
 Not ready yet for the front seat but I'm
 Tired of the backseat and most of all I'm
 Tired of going nowhere

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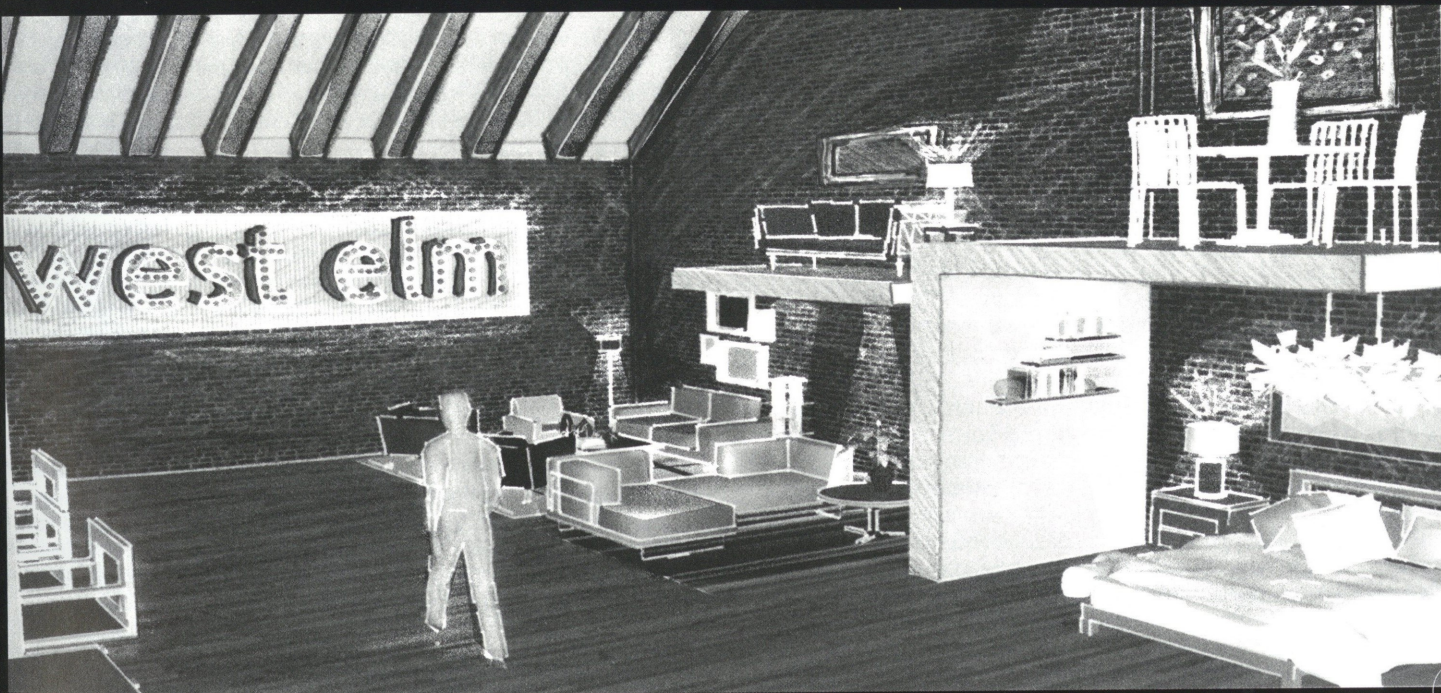


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4. "Eclectic Dining Room in one point perspective" : pencil on vellum, LAURA GILES

5. "Steps" : Nikon digital, KATHRYN COOPER 6. "West Elm Int. Perspective" : google sketch-up, AMANDA EUBANKS

Poets and Philosophers!
What separates us but a thin sheet
through which each others' work shines bright,
piercing with shadows cast!

Our nearness is not known, but
we are still aware of our neighbor's works;
however slightly!

Buds of the mind and
Blossoms from the pen
are the only differences between us,
for on either side lie fantastical
Meadows that exist in no
other realms but ours, so divided!

We beg you to share your words
just as you plead for our scraps
of song beneath the door;
but only wind passes
through the keyhole

Oh, is our fate the same were it not
but in different fields of flowers!
For our ideas and our words
live on forever, yet never full lives;
perhaps mimicking their authors
(or mocking them)
The world praises our triumphs
over their insolence and ignorance,
yet they continue a hypocrisy
that sounds our very death tolls

High is the pyre that burns the scrolls and
the bodies that write upon them!

And we yield not to these flames!
For what lies beyond here but
the shadows we have always seen?

2

Sing Me Home

Sacred Harp singing is not for the soft-spoken or the faint-hearted. No. It calls for a boisterous voice, a strong hand for keeping rhythm and most importantly, it calls for soul. Fire in the belly and gusto of spirit. As the oldest form of music in America, preserved in rural Deep South by backwoodsmen and unschooled country folk, it pays no attention to any critique of its full-throated sound, as it echoes out of the wooden churches that have kept it pure for over 200 years.

"It is infectious," whispers Ross Brand, 23. He sits down after taking his turn to lead a song in the hollow center of a square. It is made up of singers divided into four voice parts; they all face inward as they sing, giving the leader a perfectly balanced sound.

The National Sacred Harp Convention was held in



3

Birmingham, AL, this year gathering folks from 35 states, Canada, the U.K. and the Netherlands. Though the tradition of Sacred Harp a cappella singing, also known as shape note singing, is practiced by people all over the world, the structure of the singing, the sound and even the songbook are the same as they were in 1844. That's when Southern composer William Walker published the Sacred Harp, the most enduring Sacred Harp songbook to date. The songs were written with irregular measures, melodies and harmonies that defied traditional musical composition. But the songs were not written for the critics. They were written for the singers and for the One listening.

"Sacred Harp started out as a nondenominational communal form of singing," says Buell Cobb who has been singing for nearly 50 years. "When you come to this, you leave your politics at the door."

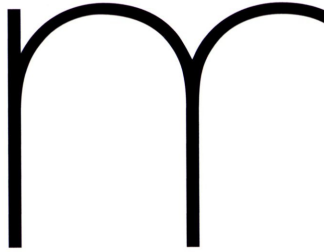
Church politics, that is. Though the hymns are overtly influenced by the Christian faith, no one lets personal belief get in the way of welcoming newcomers to singings. Of course, all who come are sure to sing out of the Sacred Harp songbook that houses, exclusively, old Christian hymns.

Most of the songs sung out of the Sacred Harp were written in the 19th Century, before Gospel music became popular in America, introducing the feel-good lyrics that any Southerner would recognize. The singers of Sacred Harp in its early days took no shame in shocking an outside audience with lyrics like "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Emmanuel's veins," and "Broad is the road that leads to death, and thousands walk together there." Sacred Harp singers still boast the same songs with vivid images of Christ's death and the sea of fire that is to come. Some sing with great spiritual conviction, others with a historical appreciation of the music as folk art, and many sing with both.

Nonetheless, both spiritual conviction and historical appreciation have played an important role in keeping Sacred Harp alive in the South and beyond.

"I really doubted whether or not Sacred Harp would last the century. Sacred Harp singing so longed for someone to carry it to the next generation, but you have to be careful what

"There is a land of the living
and a land of the dead
and the bridge is love, the
only survival, the only
meaning"
— Thornton Wilder



ITC Avant Garde Gothic

you wish for," says Buell with a wink and a grin.

With the popularity that Sacred Harp has gained in the past 30 years, it has also been adopted by a generation who, though they appreciate the religious roots of the singing, do not sing for worship, but Buell doesn't deem this negative.

"The new singers who have come to us have been a marvelous boost to our singing and give us real hope for the tradition continuing into the future," he says.

And though many new followers are not religious, per se, the structure of singings usually beginning around 9:30 a.m. with a prayer, even in more secular parts of the world. After an hour or so of singing, the voices pause for what is called the memorial lesson where the group of singers, called a class, stop in reverence to remember those who have passed since the last singing.

After another hour of singing, the class breaks at high noon for a tradition that made the South famous: dinner on the grounds, namely, a potluck lunch with all the fixin's.

"All the fellowship is just as important, and these new folks, we just take them in like they've been singing with us their whole lives," says Rodney Ivey, a lifetime singer with a plate of fried chicken and black-eyed peas in one hand and a sweet tea in the other. That is what dinner on the grounds is all about (no, not the fried chicken and sweet tea, although the food sure is something to talk about). The fellowship of the singers is the binding of the songbook. The singers come for the music, but they stick around for the company.

Gathered around round lunch tables at the national convention are four Brits, one Yankee and three Southerners breaking bread. Today it's corn bread and it's best chased with a swig of home-brewed sweet tea.

And you better believe even the Yankees are welcomed into the family of the rural South like prodigal sons.

"The singings here are much more spiritual than the ones in the U.K., but the U.K. is a more secular country anyway, so that is to be expected," says Maria Wallace with an unmistakably Yorkshire accent, as she tells a New York native. He agrees on behalf of his part the nation and wipes the conden-

Climbing fences to make it out of the rain,
talking sweet dreams but really saying
save me—
don't you know I have two voices?
Cars passing by,
wondering why I watch the world dance around me,
wondering why I let it be.
Watching as their words join the leaves
of Autumn's blooming trees and slowly fall,
thinking that, if I were buried there,
come Spring, you'd not remember me at all.
Thinking that it's true but still,
the world is painted blue,
and at the end of the day,
the Sky throws away his canvas
to start anew,
and every color hangs itself in our eyes—
is it a splash of sun
or just a lie?
I'm wishing I had more than words for you,
for you to remember me by.
Climbing fences to make it out of the rain,
talking sweet dreams but really saying
save me—
don't you know?

sation off of his solo cup of sweet tea as he comments on the inability to keep one's cup dry in heat like today's.

"The waves of sound are tremendous, but I sing for the words," contributes Margaret Gillanders of Yorkshire who has been singing Sacred Harp for over 10 years. "Sacred Harp is a spiritual experience for me personally, because I am a Christian, but the majority of the people back home in the U.K. would say something different."

After lunch, an elderly black lady wearing a nametag that reads "Ruth Johnson" is assisted to the hollow center square to lead a song.

"When you get old, you'll know. And if you don't know what old is, it's 87," she says as her escort walks back to his seat.

She chooses to sing 45t New Britain, what most of us would call Amazing Grace by John Newton. However, the sweetly familiar choruses are to be sung in a less familiar tune, as is made clear when a man on the front row of the tenor section gives a hearty pitch for the first note with a force that any church choir could not touch.

The afternoon continues song by song as singers are called up to lead their favorite hymns, basking in the sound of the four-part harmony roaring and rising like smoke in a chimney through the hollow square center.

At 2:30 p.m. the singing ceases for a final prayer, but before rushing off there is one more song in order. All the singers rise from the square and greet one another with hugs and handshakes all the while singing, "And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on; And if on earth we meet no more, Oh may we meet on Canaan's shore. I hope you'll all remember me if earth no more I see; An int'rest in your prayers I crave, That we meet beyond the grave."

And as Rodney walks out the church doors he smiles and says, "Sacred Harp just lifts me up so much, and when it's over you just ride high on it all day ..."

I fell in love for about thirty seconds today walking home on College. I usually bike, but that morning The Black Pearl, my black 15-speed mountain bike, had presented with symptoms of depression—low air in the front tire, rusty chains, squeaky back wheel—and so I had prescribed for her a mental health day until I could pump her back up. It was only sixty degrees out. I chose to walk.

Heading toward campus early morning was fine; it was the late afternoon coming back that I knew would be a dick. Sure enough, at about five fifteen, I had made it from Samford to College, but it was time to remove some layers. The fuchsia snakeskin tights had to go.

I stepped into the drugstore for a lemonade and the bathroom. Once inside, off came the tights, the boots, the plum corduroy jacket, the yellow cotton crop underneath, and the green tee shirt that read “action not glamour.” I padded to the checkout in my white tank and acid washed denim ruffle skirt that I had not bought at Macy’s and gave a girl probably named “Mandi” or “Britni” or “Ashlee” twenty dollars for a pair of five-dollar flip flops because they had a logo on them. Whatever, they could be fixed.

2



Outside, I pulled the flops on my feet and stooped to stuff the rest of my clothes in my bag. That’s when he came out of the burger shop across the street, slurping down the last sips of a fountain drink, shaking the cup to settle the ice, and trying once more to get down to the dregs.

He was only just shorter and fatter than average. If nothing else, I would have loved him for that. But he was wearing brown corduroys and red suspenders and an ivory Beatles shirt. But none of this mass-market “Yellow Submarine” or “All You Need is Love” crap. A nineteenth-century style engraving covered the front—the original circus poster that inspired Lennon to write “Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite.” That’s when I knew he was true, not like some sorority girl paper doll cutout carrying a canvas bag printed with the Fab Four’s faces circa 1962 who couldn’t tell you who Maxwell Anderson or Polythene Pam were. Or Pete Best, for chrissake.

I needed to introduce myself. The future father of my children or cats was only fifty feet away. I straightened up, threw my bag over my shoulder, and pressed the button for the crosswalk. If there hadn’t been a goddamn pickup truck roaring its smelly engine across the street just then, I would have just jaywalked, but fate, or karma, or something, held out a hand and kept me from a heart-breaking divorce.

Once the street was clear, I shuffled across the street, glad that my eyes were hidden by actual 1970’s aviators (they had been my dad’s) so that I could watch my love discretely. He was still trying to get the very last drop out of his soda. He’d taken the top off, now, and was tilting his head back. He took some ice in his mouth, crunched it once, looked around. He set the cup on the sidewalk next to the wall. Walked off.

I stopped.

Really, asshole? I stomped over to the wall, grabbed the cup not a little violently, so that some of the ice flew out and cracked like marbles against the wall. I spun around, huffed back to the crosswalk, and dropped the cup in the trash can that was maybe ten feet from where the damn poser had originally stood.

Had he gotten the message? Maybe he would introduce himself, contrite, and ask after recycling centers around town where he could perhaps make restitution for his sin. As the student coordinator for the recycling effort on campus, I could certainly send him in the right direction if he so desired. I peeked back over my shoulder.

He was gone.

I wasn't looking at my mother when she spoke to me. There were flowers on the table.

"Did you hear? Jones finally married Carol Anne."

Pink carnations and yellow daisies molding in a mix of water and pus.

"I heard."

It wasn't really pus; it probably smelled like pus.

"Bout damn time is what I say."

Cigarette smoke is what it smelled like. I didn't know why she'd bought the flowers if she was only going to choke them.

"I thought they had broken up." As if I cared. What was Carol Anne's last name again? My mother probably remembered. I didn't ask.

"They did, twice, I think. How long had they been going together?"

"Six years. End of senior year," I invented. It seemed to fit the story.

"Damn. Well, it sure was time."

One of the daisies was leaning so far over the vase it looked like it was hanging itself. I plucked a dying petal.

"Mom?"

"Yes, Booger Butt?"

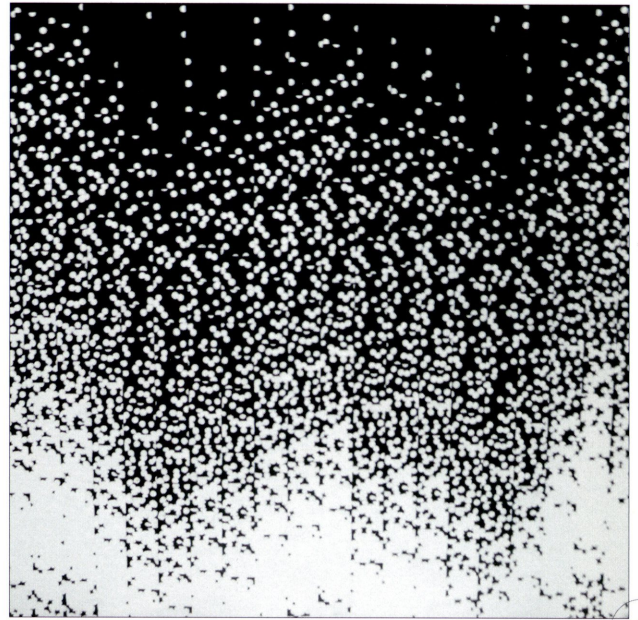
She had five pet names for me: Jazzy Jay when she was happy, Beautiful when she was sad, Sunshine when she was lonely, Jaybird when she was particularly giggly, and Booger Butt when she was worried.

"I'll be fine. It's only Santa Barbara."

"It's halfway around the free world."

"It's five hundred miles away."

She grabbed at the pendant that hung between her breasts, twirling its delicate chain between her thumb and finger. It had belonged to Mimi, her grandmother, who I only remembered as hospital visits, but who Mom remembered as peppermints at five and her first Corona at sixteen. It had once been a locket, but the catch had broken before Mimi had passed it to Mom on her twenty-first birthday.



4

She took it to a jeweler once, who said he could fix it and take out the picture of Mimi and Papa on their fifth anniversary, but she snatched it back before he had the chance.

The pendant was overlarge and gaudy, but she never took it off. Not in the shower, not at the beach. Not when Devon Williams came to pick me up for senior prom, the result of a year-long crush and a covert four-month operation that began with a carefully constructed pen request and finally culminated in the prom invitation.

"I want you to have this." I laid the new phone on the table. "It's the only model I could afford, but I added the line to my monthly plan. You can call me any time of any day and it's free. And it's pink."

It really was the cheapest one they had. The move was costing a lot. I had to pay extra for the cover, but it was precisely her favorite shade—flamingo pink.

"Come here, Sunshine."

We embraced, and I tried not to pull away. She put one manicured fingertip at the inner corners of her eyes and pretended she wasn't crying.

She reached behind her neck and a moment later placed the pendant on the table. She pushed it toward me.

"No."

"Yes."

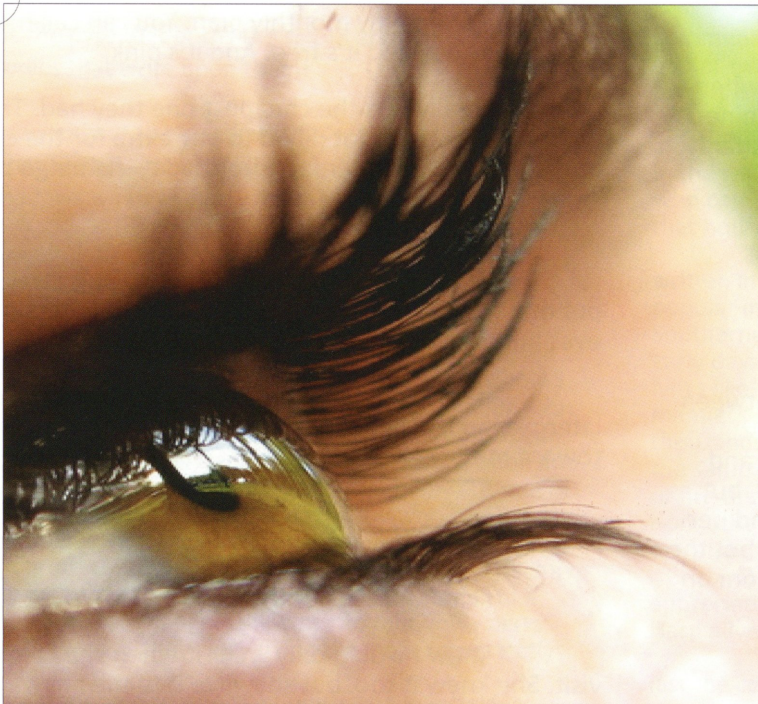
"I can't." But I put it on.

I knew I would only wear it when she came to visit. She knew it too, but she gave it to me anyway.

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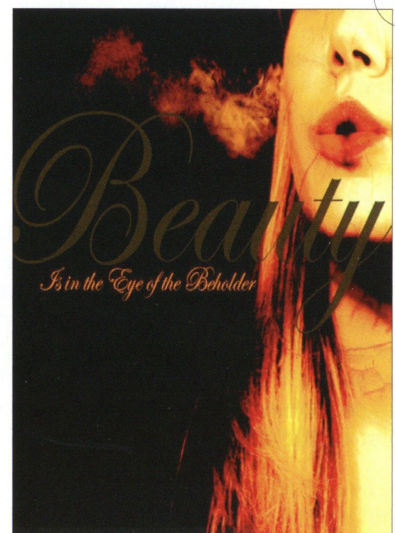


The Age

2

He stretched his hand towards mine and I took it, shook it, gave it back. His face was a history book with wrinkle created stories all over the deep tan pigment of his skin. Over the new potatoes slid butter, and over the butter we talked. He said he was ready for death, and I didn't know how anyone could truly be. He looked up and said, The Age is that way. He still feels young on the inside, as young as I, sitting across the silver trimmed laminated granite diner table. Every morning, when he slides his feet across the night cooled gray carpet, like a spatula across a pan, he looks in the mirror, and every morning, is shocked. His two and a half day beard is coming in full white, and just then points to my coffee cup and says it was as white as your cup sitting there. He said, The Age is that way. And then he says that his innards are the same, still coiled, still filtering, pumping, digesting, beating—still living. He stretches his hand toward mine, and tells me that every time he sees his hands with the lines all over them—angled as a spider web—he is shocked, and is struck by it once again. Then he said, The Age is that way.

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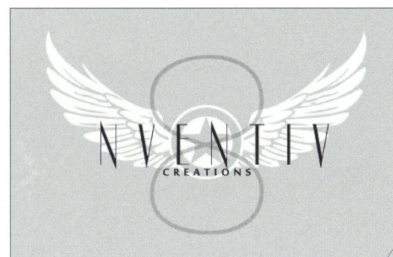
Bath

Your hair in the water is
Medusa singing,
your body eroding
to clear stone around
you. Each breast becomes
an island of flesh.
Your body rolls—
and with it, water
sends waves and creation
takes place, here
in the Clawfoot tub, when
you birth an egg
so large and glowing
that it hovers above
you in suspended
displacement, and I stare
as it cracks
and hatches.

8



9



5. "Collection": markers and colored pencils, LAUREN MELLOR

6. "Medusa": acrylic and colored pencil on paper, COURTNEY BRANNAN 7. "Bath": poetry, WILL FARGASON

8. "Another Closed Door": Canon EOS Rebel Xsi, BECCA BEERS 9. "Logo Nventiv": graphic design, SIGOURNEY SMITH

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1. "Tandem" : spray paint and acrylic oil canvas, LISA TRINH 2. "Pensacola Lighthouse" : Ricoh Capilo R4, DANIELLE KESSLER
 3. "Rosa Marie" : Cannon Powershot, MARTHA ANN HUEY 4. "Mobile" : metal sculpture, JOSH LAMBERTH

5



• • • • PAGE 29



6



7

5. *"Installation"* : rubber gloves blown up, JAMIE ANKENBRANDT 6. *"I'd Say Go"* : Canon, HILARY JOHNSON
7. *"Agua"* : CANON Rebel xsi, LINDSAY HALES

1



T

"This is the hour of magic,
when the moon with her bright wand
has charmed the tallest tree
to stand stone-still
with all his million leaves!"
— W. H. Davies

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2



3

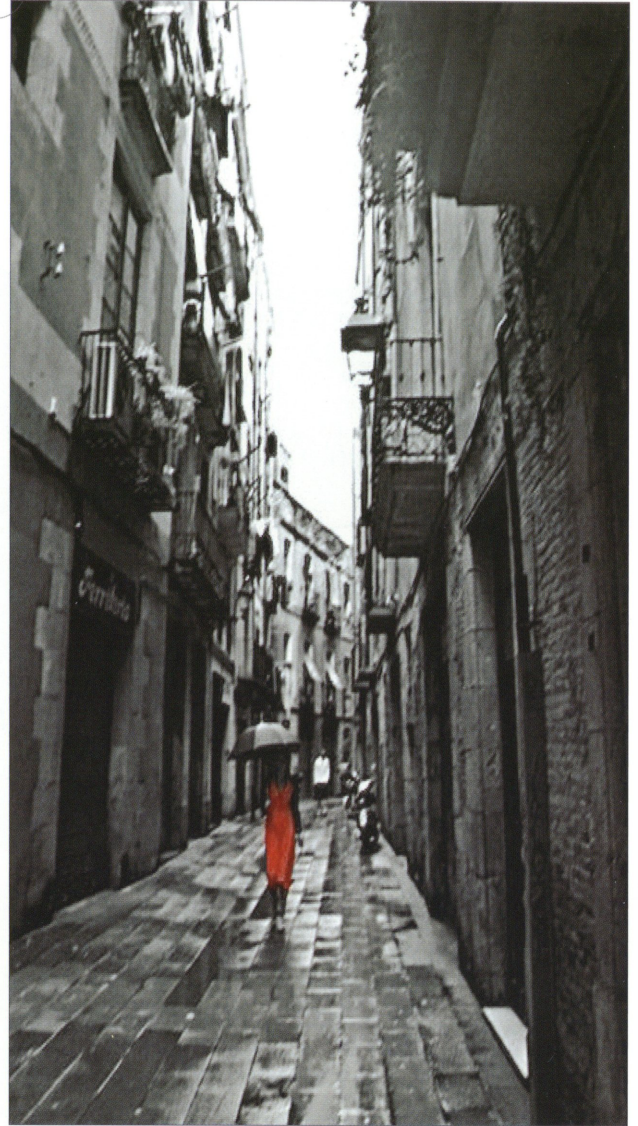


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6



• • • • PAGE 31



7

8

Spark

You will be my muse once more,
At least for the sake of art.
You see, you can't hear my soul
Sing the songs my voice cannot.
I wish I had talent there...

I used to draw then ask more,
To see you etch and carve art;
Who knows our longings as souls?
I'll tell you right now we can't
Go there yet—our dreams are prayers.

There's more art inside our souls,
Don't tell all your dreams they can't
When desire is for God's good;
None are truly themselves pure.
We'll—eventually care.

1



2



3

1. "Civita di Bagnoregio" : digital camera, AMANDA EUBANKS
2. "Napping in the Sun" : Panasonic Lumix DMC FZS, SARAH V. GREEN
3. "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble" : Adobe InDesign, TARA BAKER

4

Walking Shoes

Cardinal red keds with
white bumper toes
patter
then slap
the sidewalk
in front of her house
as her parents
swing
her from concrete square
to concrete square

Carefully weighed
against the pedal
of her brother's
Chevrolet
her pink flats
scrunch her growing
toes
as her sweaty hands
steer down back
roads

Wrinkled hand
in more wrinkled hand
she wears her
white
walking shoes
as two worn soles
cross a path
they used to
skip down
to greet the other
soul

7

Sleep and Stars

Why doesn't anybody go to sleep?
I think this has got the best of you and me.
A million times alone,
I'll never be your home,
You won't be what you can be.

Why can't you just watch the skies?
Infinity is there so you can believe.
They're not coming for you,
Until the day's through,
You won't get a reprieve.

How can you stay in the dark?
Stop searching for some elusive key.
Forget religion and bars,
Look up at the stars,
Just accept what you can see.

You'll be gone before you can leave.

5

Specific Pacific

I woke up to the Pacific
Waves wearing shoreline drift-trees raw;
Overcast gray and blue specific
Sights of creation roared white-foam awe,
Oh, waters over the deep!
Dear God, I was once asleep
Until You moved into me,
With Your light that let me see.

6

Change

shallow words,
cast upon the deep sea of life,
make no ripples.

8



Assignment: Creatively describe a tragic event in history through the perspective of someone involved. Give a brief synopsis of the event as an introduction to the piece.

In 1956, five young missionaries were speared to death by the Auca Indians in a small village outside of Ecuador. Then men and their families had been living in Ecuador and had contact with the Indians through air deliveries. When they felt they had built up an amicable relationship with the tribe, the men decided to land their plane and begin socializing and helping them. After hours of friendly contact, the five missionaries were brutally attacked and killed. The surprising attacks devastated the men's families; however, they were able to push through the pain and anger and return back to the Auca's to finish the job their husbands and fathers had begun. Since the return of the families, many of the Indians have left their murderous lifestyles and became followers of Christ.

1

Eulogy

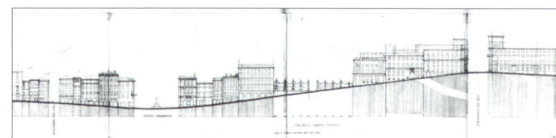
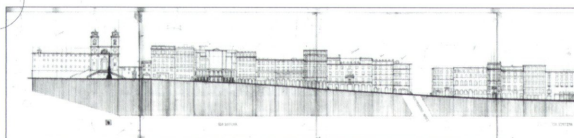
I never once thought that I would be doing this. Standing before you all, my dearest and closest friends, telling you about my husband's amazing life. Although the past few days have been the saddest, most grief filled days I have ever experienced, today is different. This is one of the first times I have actually spoken in three days, so I know the strength that I am showing is not mine. Enough about me though, this is about Jim. My wonderful, loving husband, Jim Elliot, lived honorably. To me, his life defined the word "integrity." Jim not only taught people of all races, ages, and genders to look for God in everything, but he also did so himself.

Jim's life was always dedicated to helping others. To him, he had received the ultimate prize: eternal life with his Creator, so he felt that it was his duty to share that gift with others who had no idea. In college, Jim committed his life to mission work and ended up moving to Ecuador, where we were married on October 8, 1953. That truly was the best day of my life. It marked the amazing beginning of an adventure filled life. Throughout the first few years of our marriage, Jim and I worked with the people of Ecuador, helping them through their struggles and telling them the truth that comes from knowing Christ. Although Jim was completely engaged in his work with the locals, his heart was set on helping the feared tribe of Auca Indians.

That brings us to January 8, 1956. My husband and his beloved friends, Ed, Nate, Pete, and Roger departed the tiny village in Ecuador where we were stationed and headed toward the Curaray River, the lifeline of the Auca tribe. I tried so hard to make him change his mind. I warned him of the dangers and the risks, but he was already aware. His response to my pleading was remarkable: "Well, if that's the way God wants it to be, I'm ready to die for the salvation of the Auca's." I thought he was crazy at the time, but now that I think about it, he truly meant what he said. After we didn't hear from our husbands for hours, I and the other wives knew something was wrong. Two hours after that, we received the news of our husband's deaths. I stood in shock for a good half hour. Not one tear. Not a gasp. Nothing. I immediately just began to pray. For some reason, I could feel the peace of God fill the emptiness that came from my husband's death.

Jim once said, "He is no fool who gives what he cannot keep to gain what he cannot lose." Jim gave all of his faith and his very own life to the Auca people, and he cannot lose in the Kingdom of Heaven. That quote lines every door of my home in Ecuador. That is why I know that I will complete the mission that was started by my husband. We all will, every wife and child that was affected by this. For the sake of our compassionate, loving husbands, we will follow in their strong footsteps and complete the task that has been set before us, because we know that "we can do all things through Christ who strengthens us," as it states in Philippians 4:13. Thank you all for coming today. I know if Jim were here now, he would speak to each one of you personally (he always had an amazing gift of making sure everyone felt loved and important,) so I will try to do the same. We both love all of you very much. Please join me this day to follow in Jim's lead and live with bold compassion, integrity, and purpose. Let's strive to live everyday completely and live it well. Thank you!

2



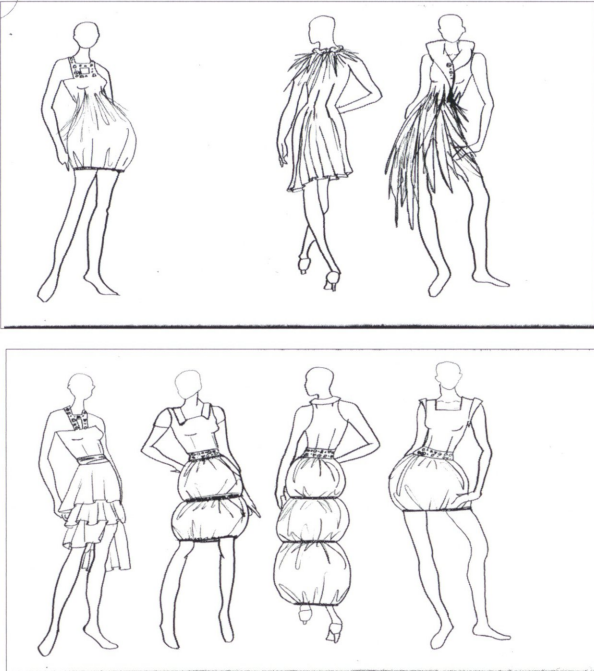
1. "Eulogy by Elizabeth Elliot" : non-fiction, LINDSEY WILKINS

2. "Sixtus V's Strada Felice - Spanish Steps to S. Maria Maggiore" : graphite, JOHN MANSOUR

I do not know you nor may I ever but for love's sake I must speak out against the silence. I have waited many a long year for you and dreamt through many more. I have cried through more lonely nights that I care to remember but I am comforted by the hope that you will one day be here to comfort me. I have laughed more heartily with you on my mind than with the closest of friends. I want you to know that even though we have never met, cried and laughed together, shared and cared together or embraced one another I want you to know that I love you. My love for you is deeper than the deepest ocean and higher than the highest peak and stretches farther than the farthest star. I love you more than any man has ever loved a woman, more unconditionally than god himself loves his own creation. And while others may come and go until we find each other and many more years may pass, I want you to know that our hearts and souls have never been apart.

Good night my love, I will see you in my dreams tonight.

4



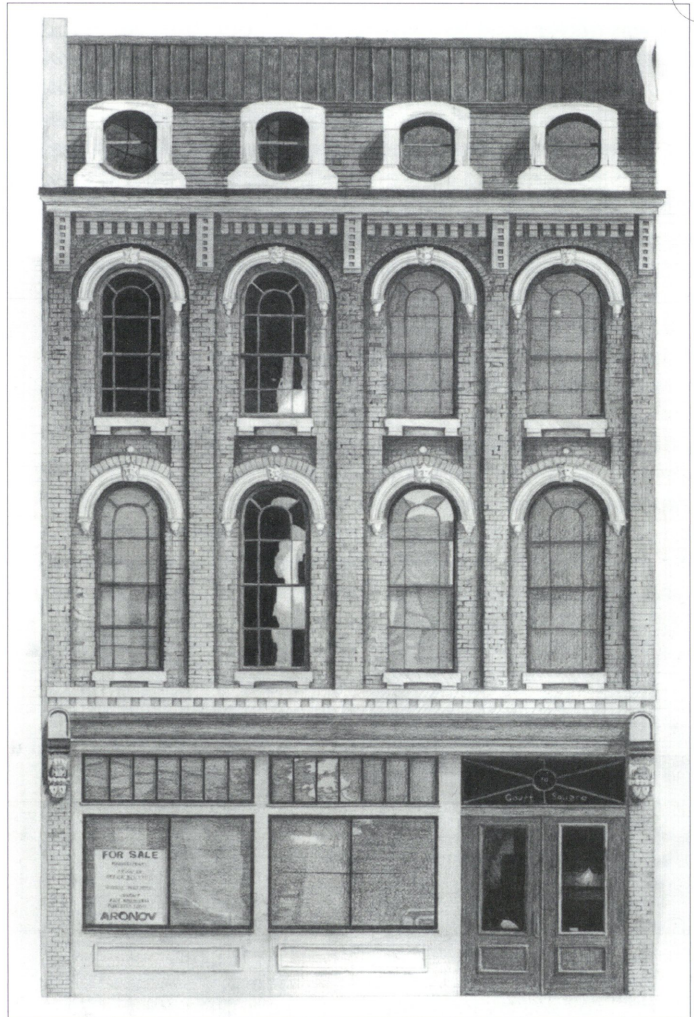
6

CD's

I remember the first time I met you at work.
I was supposed to teach you how to organize CD's.

And the whole time I was thinking
"god, I want to marry you."

5



She fell to her knees.

I had somehow convinced the Army to let me deliver the news, seeing as Sam and I were nearly brothers. The moment I stepped out of the jet black, U.S.-Government-issued Ford, however, I began having second thoughts. Mrs. Taylor had been like my second mom, always feeding me and looking after my health and the like. I could tell her anything and everything; I even came home to her the first time I ever got drunk. This was different, though. The walk seemed like an eternity as I slowly moved my way up the old concrete pathway that led to the familiar covered porch. As I put my foot on the first step, I could hear the old wood creak like a well broken-in rocking chair. I think she heard the car door shut; she was opening the front door before I was within reaching distance to knock. She knew instantly, tears already running down her face. My heart was pounding in my ears, but I didn't care. I was determined to relay the story of one great American.

I first met Samuel Taylor when I was ten years old. My family had just moved into the neighborhood from Oregon. The only thing I knew about North Carolina was what Uncle Pat said to my dad before we left: "You know all there is down there is a bunch of no-shoe-wearing rednecks who love to have hoedowns." Samuel was quick to show me what "Southern Hospitality" was all about. The very first day we arrived I took a walk down the street to do some exploring. I saw kids riding their bikes down the street, but didn't think anything of it until I heard them yelling at me. "You're that new kid from California, aren't you?" yelled one of them. "My daddy says that only queers come from California," yelled another.

By the time they were on me I was so scared that I didn't know what I could do. Then they jumped off their bikes and started hitting me with sticks they had picked up. I curled up into a ball and covered my face, hoping that it wouldn't hurt too badly. After a few seconds of them kicking and hitting me I saw one of the boys fall to the ground, then another. As they were running away I looked up and got my first glance of Sam. He was huge for a ten year old. He was about five feet five inches and could have weighed just as much as my dad. He had jet black hair, combed over and held in place with pomade, which made his head look greasy more than anything. His eyes were a deep brown that reminded me of the horses I used to ride on my grandpa's ranch back in Oregon. He saved me that day and I have been trying to pay him back ever since.

"Sam was my best friend," I managed to say through my own tears. Mrs. Taylor and I were still standing on the porch. "He was the bravest man I ever knew. The Army even thinks so. They are giving him the Medal of Honor."

"How did it happen, what happened to my baby? I need to know," she said.

I saw her tears on the wooden floor of the porch. She hadn't even been able to get a good look at me yet. That was one thing Mrs. Taylor would always do when I came over. She would stop Sam and me as we were running into the house from playing and say, "Timothy, are you sure you're eating enough? I swear, you don't have an ounce of meat on those bones." She would always say that, even when I got to be

over six feet tall and about two hundred and thirty pounds. I swear I ate at Sam's house more than my own. Mrs. Taylor would cook country fried steak, mashed potatoes, and fried okra. Looking back on it, I'm surprised I didn't weigh over three hundred pounds. Even if I did, she would still say I could put some more meat on my bones.

I knelt down beside her, and put my hand on her shoulder, and she pushed away, leaning against the door jam. Her face was beet red, as if she were being choked. As I moved in closer to hold her she started beating at my chest. Despite being shot at, and even getting a piece of shrapnel lodged in my shin, those fists pounding on my chest hurt the most. I held her closer.

"He was brave," I managed to say again.

"You already said that," she said. "What happened! Why didn't Samuel come home with you? He always comes home with you!"

He did always come home with me, or I always came home with him. After school, after basketball practice, even after our first double date, we always seemed to come through that door together, practically joined at the hip. We would walk right through the door that Mrs. Taylor was now using to hold herself up.

"I will tell you exactly what happened," I finally said quietly. "We were on patrol in the streets of Baghdad. Everything was fine, we were even joking about how much we missed your cooking. Sam started talking about this girl we met at one of the USO shows. I remembered her. She was beautiful with long brown hair, and dark brown eyes, kinda like Sam's, you know?" I felt Mrs. Taylor start to tremble. "She was the girl you wanted to see Sam with, smart and funny, with a great smile. Her name was Susan and she goes to school at the College of William and Mary. She is studying to be a journalist and was in Iraq for an internship with the Washington Post."

Sam always had an eye for the smart girls. I think it was because he was so smart himself and wanted a girl who could challenge him. I even remember one day in our government class when Sam and another girl got into such a huge debate that all the teacher could do was stand back and watch. In the end, the girl won the argument and before the bell rang for our next class Sam had already asked her out on a date. Despite his love of debate and argument, Sam was by far the sweetest, most gentle person on the planet. Not a single girl he ever went out with had a bad thing to say about him. He opened doors for girls, pulled their chair out for them, and even stood up whenever a girl left the table. He was the most



perfect gentleman.

"In the middle of our conversation we heard some sort of explosion a street over from us," I continued. "Sam was the first on the scene, and I was two steps behind him. Before we knew it we were engulfed in gunfire." As I spoke I could still smell the hot dirt that covered the street. I could hear the bullets ricochet off of every square inch of wall around us. I was afraid for my life.

"This is why we signed up, right Tim?" Sam yelled to me as he took cover behind an old truck. I can see him right now, leaning against that old beat up Chevy. His legs positioned right behind the wheel, just like they taught us in basic." Everything seemed to slow down around us and I felt the blood pulsing through my veins. "You would have been so proud of your boy, Mrs. Taylor, I just know it."

Despite how much I liked Mrs. Taylor, when we were in high school she was annoying to the other parents. She was the first person to our basketball games, front row seat and everything. I remember she even had a shirt made that had a photo of me and Sam on it that read, "My favorite boys." On the night of our senior prom she probably went through ten rolls of film. Whenever anyone came over she made them sit down and go through every picture, saying, "Isn't Sam the most handsome boy in the world? And that girl he has with him, she is the most beautiful thing I have ever laid eyes on." Mrs. Taylor had a lot to be proud of. Sam played on the basketball team, was captain of the Speech & Debate Club, and was dating one of the most beautiful girls in the school. On top of all that, he taught Sunday school at our church and helped grade papers for a middle school teacher. Kind of cliché, I know, but it is all the one hundred per cent truth.

I began to feel Mrs. Taylor start to calm down, so I carried on with my story. "Sam was keeping his cool under pressure, and even managed to radio for help while I was too shocked to realize what was going on. I remember hearing him yelling at me, 'You give me cover fire and I'll move around to the side!' As I started shooting back at the enemy, I saw Sam moving around to the side. He was killing the bad guys left and right."

I had to stop talking for a moment as all the events came rushing back to me. I will never forget the first person that I shot. He was running straight at me, gun flailing about. I raised my gun and shot him in the stomach. I watched him drop his AK-47 and grab at his gut, and I saw the blood start to pour out from between his fingers as he fell to his knees. When he finally fell onto his side I remembered to breath. I watched him lay there while a steady stream of blood fell from his lips into a crimson red pool.

I sat there, still on that same old front porch, holding Mrs. Taylor. By then I think she found some sort of comfort being wrapped in my arms. She did the same thing for me about eight years ago when both of my parents died in a car accident. She was there at the hospital with me when we found out that the surgery was unsuccessful, and she was the one who begged my grandparents to let me stay with her until I could finish my schooling. I can still feel her warm embrace, covering me like a comfortable blanket on a cold night up in the Smoky Mountains.

When I finally got the courage I continued, "I had never seen Sam move with such precision and determination.

He seemed to duck and dodge everything that was coming at him. The Army report said he killed eighteen insurgents, but I swear it was more like thirty. When he was finally under safe cover he signaled for me to make my move. I started running to his position, but when I was about seven yards away I got shot in my calf. I fell to the ground and dropped my rifle. I was afraid I was going to die right then and there. Out of nowhere Sam appeared above me, just like he did when we were ten. He pulled me into safety while fighting everyone else off. I couldn't help but see him again as that oversized ten year-old with that pomade in his hair that you used to make him wear." At this I felt Mrs. Taylor give the closest thing to a smile that I was sure she would give for years to come. "When he pulled me to safety we sat back for a second to catch our breath. That's when it happened. I heard a bullet ricochet off of the road. I turned to see how Sam was doing and his body fell into a slump, lifeless."

I couldn't go on any more. Mrs. Taylor started crying again, and so did I. We sat there on that old wooden porch for another hour before either of us moved. Even though Mrs. Taylor was about thirty years my senior, I felt that I needed to be a strong figure for her to look up to. She had been there for me so much over the years, I am finally glad I could be there for her.

As I walked back to the car I couldn't decide if I had done the right thing or not. I loved Sam with all my heart; he really was the brother I never had. He was a hero, no matter what actually happened, and I would make sure everyone heard the story I just told Mrs. Taylor, and nothing else.

"Tim, I can't do it, I just can't," I heard Sam say. I looked back at him, tears and fear on his face.

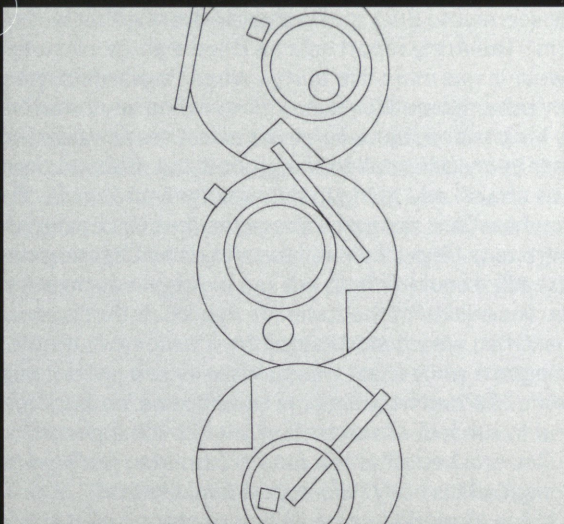
"I promise, we will make it out of this!" I yelled back.

He looked at me one more time with those deep brown eyes and said, "Tell my mother that I tried to be a hero."

Then he took his pistol out of its holster, held it to his head, and squeezed the trigger.



1



2

Automation

Because it was deemed to be taking up too much space and for being long obsolete, on January 29th, 2386, the last tree on Earth was destroyed by Terraforming Unit X09-T74-M02.

To do this, the terraforming unit slowly dug out the ground around the tree, then with giant mechanical arms that gleamed in the mid-day sun it removed whole the entire tree - a young fir - and placed it inside the hatch on the unit's back. Inside the dark belly of the mechanical beast, red light began to shine as the heaters sparked to life. Within the hour, the tree had been transformed into ashes and energy that powered the Terraforming Unit in its job.

Its job, however, was now complete. There was a moment when errors began to pop up in its processing. It checked and rechecked all the world's databases to find another tree to destroy, but there was none left. Accepting this, Terraforming Unit X09-T74-M02 wordlessly turned, and started slowly rolling towards the North.

As it moved on its journey, it passed by many sights not yet on our world. Flying power-plants soared in the skies gathering wind energy; colossal drills bored holes into the planet's mantle to harness the incredible energy given off by its heat; and as far as the eye (human or robotic) could see, steel buildings intersected and expanded like a gray jungle.

At the end of the terraforming unit's long, self-sufficient journey, it rolled into a gigantic factory. It maneuvered through dark corridors without any visible guide to direct its path, and eventually came to rest in a room a good bit larger than itself. Still no lights came on, but faint sounds could be heard as arm-like machines detached themselves from the walls of the room and began to efficiently dismantle the terraforming unit piece by piece. Within an hour, it was gone, forever.

All this passed unnoticed by anyone on Earth. No news-writer made note of the occasion, no poet cried, and no engineer smirked.

This is because on January 28th, 2386, the last human on Earth was destroyed by Riot Control Unit T21-U18-C45.

3



4



5 Hills of Gray

Gray hills, lumps of coal
hovering over what would otherwise be
the simple grasses of freedom
now barred by gates of conclusion

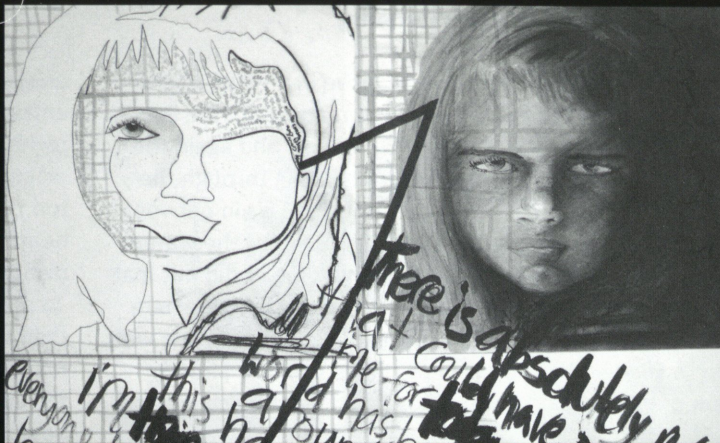
Little complexity shows it head
in fields such as these
where the hills compete for
height and memory...and glory

But in vain is this struggle;
for as undulating at these
shadows of mountains are
the bodies of their owners all lie
at the same deep and quiet level

A depth of six sits
between what has been lost
and what so feebly and
needlessly marks their passing

But so too fades these stones
just as the men they hold down;
And the grass rebels from its prison!

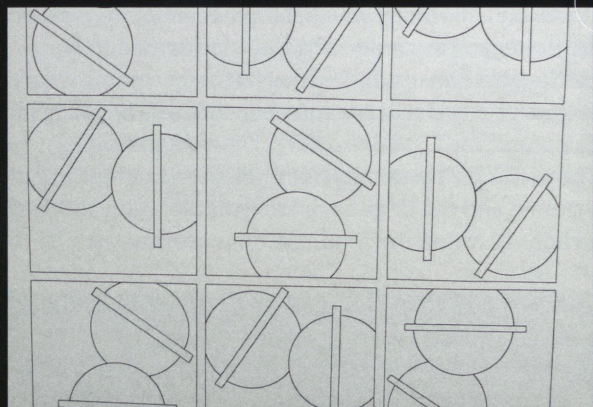
6



7 No Such thing as Gray

I'm starting to lose my balance,
One foot in front of the other,
Like a model walks,
I line the edge of defiance;
I'm in the middle of black and white,
and there is no such thing as gray
I want it to be simple,
Just to let it be
An influence, this array of hue,
But it clashes like oil and water,
This blending of culture
Is not so simple
Because it is the way of the world, a wonder
And I'm losing my balance,
Walking one foot in front of the other
Like a model walks I sway
Between the forces of interaction,
of equilibrium, of harmony
To my height outstretched, I'm flying on the edge,
Too close to the middle,
And then I stumble and I'm falling,
Falling into this balance.

8



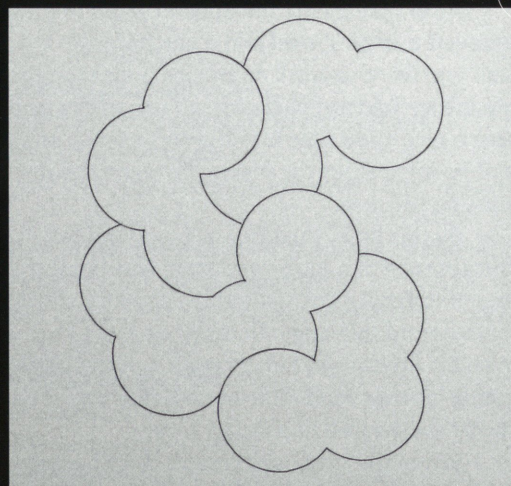
9 Laughter

"It's very contagious." You told me,
As we walked cautiously into the room.
The people were all under quarantine.
Smiles on their faces.

Panic on mine.
One rolled around in a chair with glee,
The other roared in feverish laughter.
And one just looked directly at me,

Frozen,
Smiling until the corners of his mouth passed his cheek bones,
And a tear rolled down my blushed cheek, as I turn back to you in reassurance.
The door locks behind us,
And we both fall, hysterically on the ground.
Infected.
The good kind of virus.

10



The snow fell lightly from the heavens above in a silent display of nature's beauty. The bitterly grey sky spread what little light it allowed over the mountains below. Every now and again the cracking of tree branches could be heard echoing through the forested sides of the mountains and into the valleys in between. Whether it was too much snow weighing it down or the water inside bursting open the branch like a frozen pipe, it did not matter, anything that interrupted the silence was unwelcome here.

The snow beneath his boots crunched and cracked with each step he made. The supplies to be delivered had already been loaded onto his sled but the dogs had yet to be called and harnessed.

A shrill whistle shot through the air but was soon drowned out by the deafening silence of the snow. Soon twelve huskies sprang forth from the large barn nearby and with finesse and grace raced toward their driver and master.

One by one, the dogs were given treats and placed into their individual harnesses to move about restlessly in anticipation for the journey ahead of them. The excitement within each dog of being part of a team and combining their individual strength and stamina toward one goal provided a warm confidence for their driver.

The driver then climbed onto the back of the sled and lifted the reins from where they lay. The six dogs on either side stared anxiously at their owner. He inhaled deeply taking in the cold air that could breach his scarf and held it in his lungs until it grew warm. Mush.

The dogs took flight moving at a reasonable pace but not to the point of over exertion, their paws digging through the snow until finding something to push off of once more. This is the moment they had been waiting for, their sole purpose.

As the sled slid atop the ice and left in its wake a snowy path traveled only by dogs, the sky began to grow dimmer. In the air ahead, a howling arose that warned of harsh winds to come.

Some time later, the driver looked around the trees about him and spied a rock overhang that was overflowing with snow. He steered the dogs towards this site and soon slid to a stop.

After unleashing the dogs to allow them some freedom, he removed a small shovel and a hatchet from the supplies on the sled and went to work on the ice under the rock overhang. Luckily the ice had not packed itself too thickly and he was able to carve a nice sized hole into the snow. After another half hour or so of hollowing out the inside, he went about making a fire just outside his cave.

By this time, the sky was black and the earth still white but the absence of a moon and stars worried the man. The wind continued to howl as he heated the food for the dogs, feeding them before thinking of himself. Fear that the wind would diminish his fire caused him to work quickly and without fault in heating his own food. The warm beans and meat slid into his cold body and heated him rather nicely.

When the meal was complete he beckoned the dogs into his cave where, absent of the wind, provided a not so harsh

environment. The sled was left outside to fend for itself and the entrance to the cave partially if not mostly covered during the night.

The howling of the winds kept the man from resting too peacefully. The sounds were no different from those he had heard in all of his years but for some reason, on this night, they disturbed him.

The sound of whimpering the following morning woke the man as the dogs were anxious to leave their warm cave and relieve themselves elsewhere. The snow in the night had covered the entrance more so and he was forced to dig himself out of his hole.

Sunlight shot through the first hole and soon he was free again. The mountains and woods around him looked different than they had the night prior and the tracks he'd made the day before had vanished beneath a fresh layer.

While the dogs relieved themselves, the man went to work on getting the snow off of the sled. This proved to be an easy task and soon the man too, relieved himself.

After having a bite to eat, the dogs were hooked up and the team set off once more through the mountainous landscape.

This went on for several days, with the team holding up in various self made ice caves or simply tents from the supplies.

It was on a morning, which number cannot be recalled, that the driver began to wonder why the trip seemed to be taking much longer than usual. The dogs were becoming weary from the excessive travel and the man himself began to long for something warmer.

The luck didn't grow any better as soon the food supply for both the man and the dogs began to dwindle. With suddenly smaller portions to ration the food, the dogs grew weaker by the hour.

It was on a night in an ice cave eerily similar to the first they had holed up in on this trip that death struck one of the dogs. The other dogs seemed to lose their spirits on this night and mourned the loss of one of their own. They left the comfort of the cave and the starving man to cry to the heavens their final goodbyes to a member of their pack.

The man sat in the cave with one or two of the dogs and felt weighed down by gravity despite his thinning form. The dead dog lay stiff and frozen on the floor of the cave as the man hadn't the strength to bury it.

As tears streamed down his face and warmed it for only a moment, he once again heard the howling outside of the cave. The wind had nothing to do with it though.

It wasn't long before the man began to lose his senses and morals. He couldn't understand why the other dogs hadn't thought about it or if they had and just hadn't acted on it. He began to wonder if he was the more primitive of the two or if he was in fact more intelligent for his problem solving skills. It didn't matter, he was going to eat. Problem solved.

After he removed the skin, he placed the rest on the fire to cook. The smell brought the other dogs back into the cave. All eleven stared at the man and then at the roasting carcass of

their brother. They understood.

The man offered up bits and bites but the dogs took no interest. They lay down and slipped into dreams to wait for the morning.

The following morning the man awoke with the dogs and let them out to relieve themselves as before. Then the team was assembled and they moved forward once more, one dog slower.

As darkness fell over the mountains yet again, the man commanded the dogs to stop. The dogs did not. Louder, the man commanded for them to stop. The dogs did not. Louder still, the man shouted for the dogs to stop. The dogs stopped.

An ice cave was dug and all moved within its walls to lie for the night. The man, exhausted from creating the cave, fell asleep quickly.

The sound of growling caused the man to open his eyes during the night. The growling hadn't come from any of the dogs vocal cords. The man apologized for the lack of food and slipped back off into sleep.

When morning came, the cave was empty. The man rose and walked outside to locate the dogs. A semicircle had been formed around the mouth of the cave in an instant.

The dogs stared at the man unflinchingly, poised in their stance as if under a spell. The man, unsure of what to do, decided to step forward. Bark. He stopped. Then, as if planned, the eleven dogs closed in. Biting his legs and arms, they pulled him down to allow for the alpha to get a grip on his throat.

The man gasped for air and choked on blood. The only thing allowed to move was his mind and it was racing itself. He had crossed a line when he fed on them. They understood. It's okay for them to as well. They understood.

3



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2



Perception

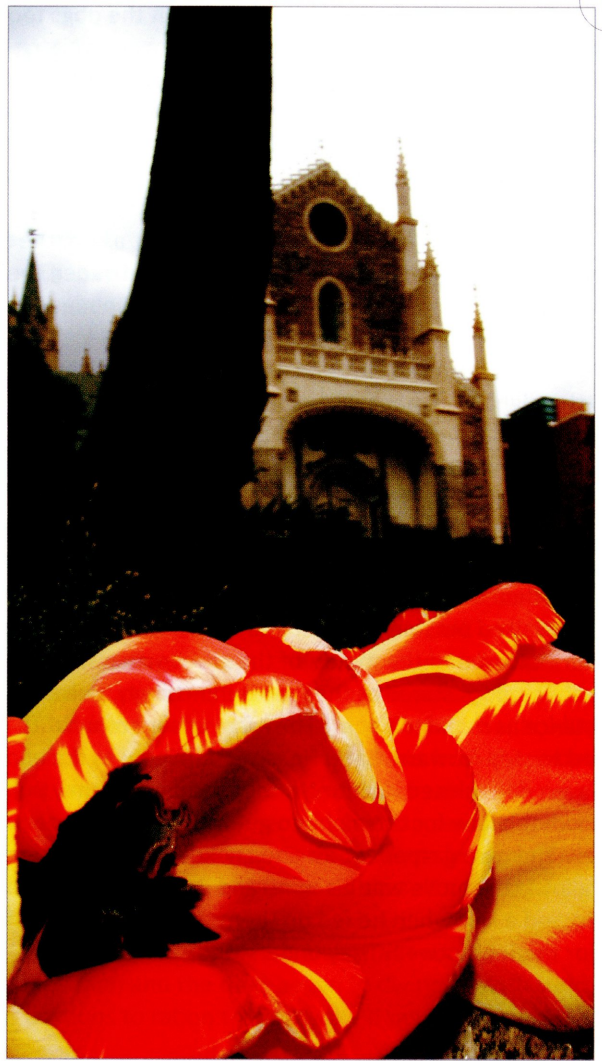
4

Stop wishing on the clock, because not even Time remains the same,
and the weary minutes' game is to make you believe,
as they march like soldiers around the hour's timeless circle
and laugh at us: amusingly naïve;
thinking we are always in control,
when it is clear that we're just less perfect versions
of our watches' rhythmic souls.
Stop wishing on the clock, because not even Time remains the same—
the more miles I drive, the less miles there are to blame,
for soon our clocks don't march together.
I've discovered that all you need to end forever
is to cross the border of Time
so that between us on the map
appears an impassable line;
a mysterious shadow; a silhouette,
darkened by memories falling out of our heads,
because Time will forget.

1



2



3



One Deity

4

Today in the East wing my daughter
Zoey was born. In a room across

the way—the door cracked like a smile—an aged
man lay alone dying (at least that's

what they told me). Slowly laying in a white
and silver hospital bed, he gripped the sleek

poles on both sides and his eyes held
a shiny bottom frame that glinted the

fluorescent lights. I grew up thinking
we were the same, but realized that you

were the one who was born slowly
here, again—not me.

And from what they
told me, he had conquered all his sight

problems as a child, and all seven
surgeries, except he couldn't see

too well out of his left eye. He had
conquered the court, had been the right

forward and advanced to the playoffs,
but they lost state. He had conquered

the female race (or so he thought) with
his endless amounts of girlfriends,

but the resolution left retribution
to an unjust restitution, always.

He had conquered the economic
market by climbing that ladder,

but investing in stocks that ultimately
failed him. He had even quelled his earthly

desires: all those extra drinks with
friends, the shored clothes on the bank fringes

of an island bed, a loose cannon tongue,
an insatiable greed of money...Oh, he ate

the Good Book like an instruction manual,
and he did his best to do what it said.

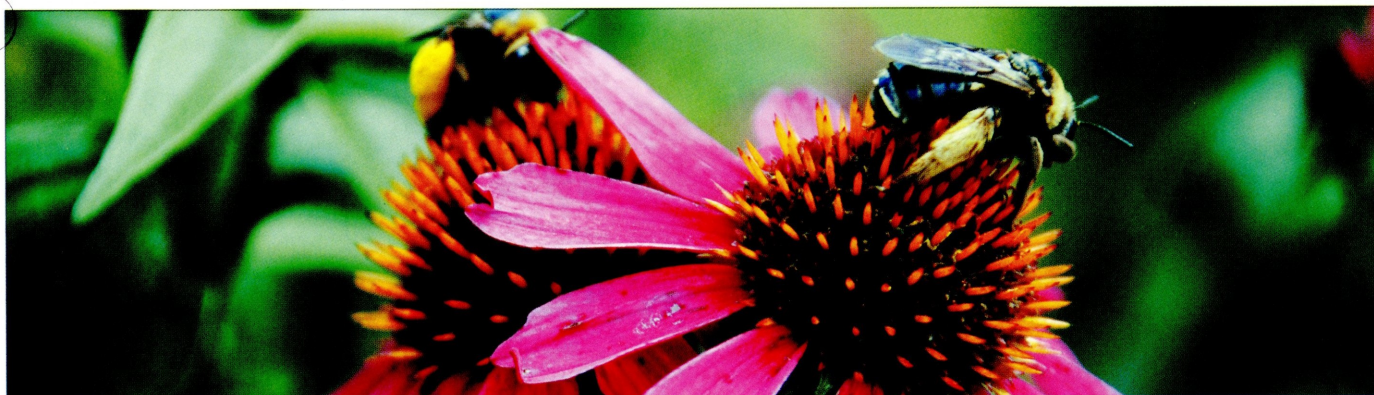
Oh, he had worn the chasuble, and he had
conquered—he had competed and conquered—

all but one thing, one event, one desire, one deity.

5



6



1



3 Thunder

Our beating hearts, do they crash into each other?
—a chaos of blood storming in a thousand different directions,
and there's not enough reason to fight
if we're fighting alone,
if the bones of our progress build only a stairway
that leads to inescapable Nothing,
to only a war that will end in throwing stones,
and still I never know:
our beating hearts crash,
but what is it they crash into?

Maybe your heart
is not what I want from you.

4



2



5



6



1. "Washing Clothes" : Canon 40D, KEVIN JOHNSON 2. "Allison Brockman Photography" : Adobe Illustrator, ALYSSA RACHELS
3. "Thunder" : poetry, KIERSTEN WONES 4. "St. Simon's Dock" : watercolor, DANIELLE KESSLER
5. "Passion Fruit" : photograph, JOSH LAMBERTH 6. "Bay Community Bank Interior Perspective" : google sketch-up, AMANDA EUBANKS

7

Slap in the Face

You're the weight that entangles me,
 A game I won't win till I quit,
 The love I'll never have returned,
 The race that won't start to complete.
 You're a side hug with only one
 Arm around reluctant shoulders,
 A bitter problem too busy
 To be solved until you're passed by.

I've got a new strategy in mind;
 My heart will be under lock and key
 While my still affections remain kind;
 I won't instigate any actions—
 Let's see where time goes to face the facts.

You're the interruption ignoring me,
 A refusal too afraid to commit—
 The sickness in my stomach I can't stand—
 The sting-numbing pulse that fires through my nerves.
 You're the fool's mistake I've constantly made
 Away from any shallow judgment calls—
 A meaningless compassionate response
 Meant to make you look less pitied than me.

I'll leave passively tempting choices.
 My sense of feeling for you will be
 Lost in your drowning crowd of voices;
 I'm acting to get away from you—
 And your self-pretending jealous style.

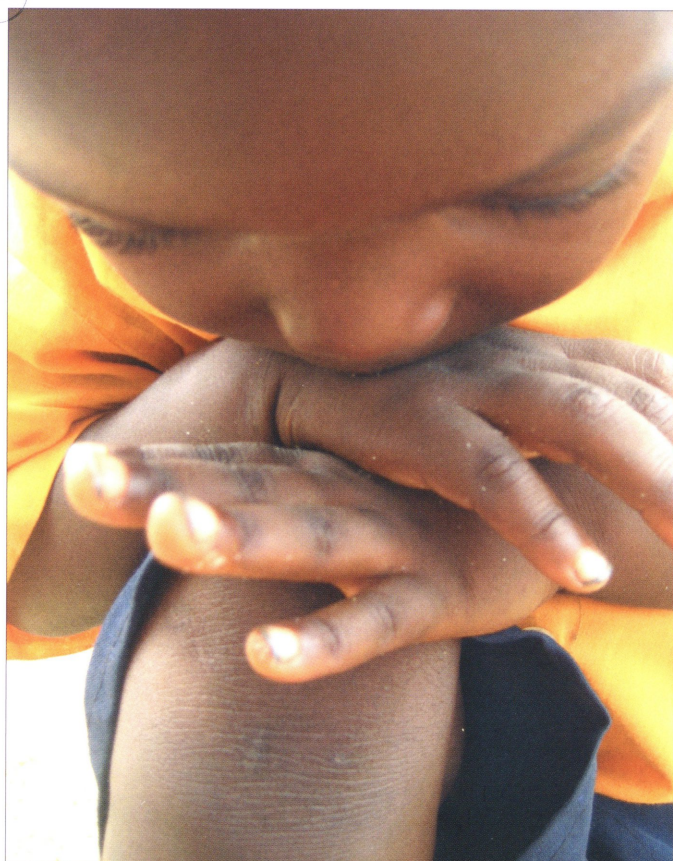
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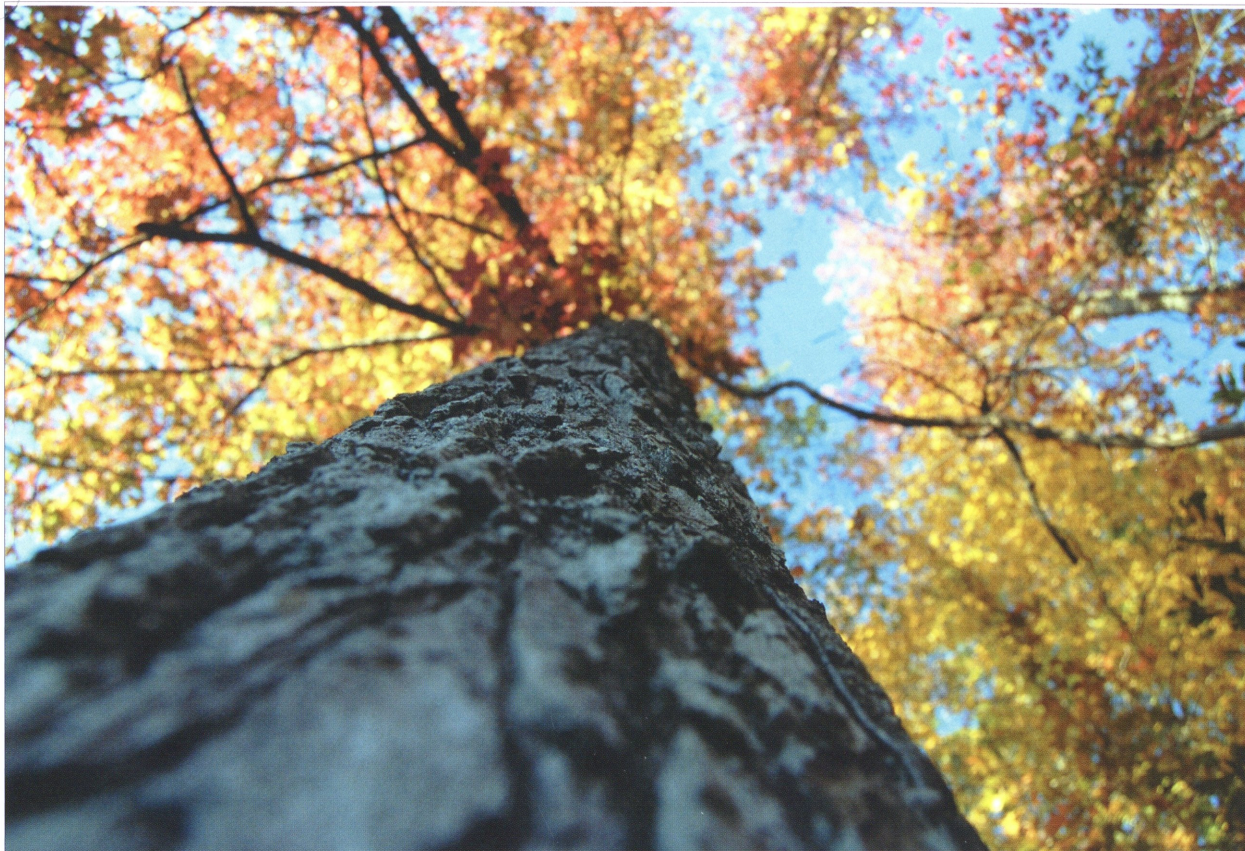
Elemental

Like water, it saturates all,
Seeping through creases none can recall,
Forms inside, then fills to the rim,
Stagnates in hearts where souls yearn to swim.

Like air, it secretly blows,
Pierces as coldly as it flows,
Howls through holes in the core of each,
Convects inside to extend its reach.

Like fire, it continues to spread,
Fuels off the living and excretes the dead,
Consumes, expands till beyond control,
Leaves ash on minds and burns in souls.

Like earth, it constantly grows,
Tangles roots from the seeds it sows,
Builds foundations for planting schemes,
Cements our concept of sprouting dreams.



Bankhead, AL

7

In a town made of stone slab
 With no grass for roaming barefoot,
 The sun beats down a little harder,
 And the harsh ground is covered in dust.
 Among the coal, beneath the haze,
 I find a square, marble structure.
 The white walls serve as camouflage
 Of the calm cool relief found inside.
 I wander here, up these chalky stairs,
 To find the only wood in the city.
 It is stained dark and boards every wall
 To keep every inch of gray out.
 I find comfort in the gold and green
 Rays that filter from the skylight above.
 All the warmth found in this village
 Is captured within this marble and mortar.
 After I've tried walking like the stone citizens
 And they have shut me out for difference,
 I gravitate steadily to this pulsing structure.
 It is the only area, here, fit for me.

1



2



3

1. "Kitchen Sketch" : marker, BRITTANY FLEMING 2. "Waiting to Fish" : Panasonic Lumix DMCFZ5, SARAH VIRGINIA GREEN
3. "Divine Intervention Modelboard" : photoshop and illustrator, BECCA MIKKELSON



One of a Piece

5

You, me, the postman, your
cousin Ben, your ex-girlfriend,
we are all puzzles created
in the image of a puzzle. A piece
is a piece is a piece.
I know. You know. The post man, he knows.
Your cousin Ben knows.
You say that your ex-girlfriend
doesn't know but she does. A piece
piles upon a piece, they squirm
in their unmatched shapes until
they fit together (but
somehow never really do).
You buy a car. A piece. You get
the promotion. A piece. You find
THE ONE. A piece. You eat
dessert (every time). A piece.
You find God. A piece. You play
sports and win. A piece. You score
some drugs and pass out high again.
A piece. You, I, the post man,
your cousin Ben, your ex-girlfriend.
We all buy get find
eat play score. We have
a hole. We want a whole.
We find a piece. We find
a peace. We make a piece.
We make a peace. We fill
a hole to make a whole. There
is a God-shaped hole, but there
are other holes too. I think He
designed us that way. The conflict
spreads through the pieces. There
is always one under the rug.
Under your rug, my rug, the post man's
rug, your cousin Ben's rug, your
ex-girlfriend's rug. You sing a song.
A piece. You paint a painting. A piece.
You write a poem. A piece.

Epilogue

I cannot write the damn epilogue. The entire draw of my book when I presented it was the mysterious epilogue. I sold the idea that I would issue a first edition book without an epilogue, the page with some mention to it coming soon. I would release another edition a few months later with the epilogue. But it's been six months since the first edition came out and I cannot write the promised epilogue. When I graduated, I had every intention of becoming a book editor, but after six interviews with publishing houses, each one of them said they were surprised I didn't write myself. I decided to meet with an agent, ask her opinion. During the meeting, I threw out an idea about a girl and a guy with a horrible case of bad timing. I told a brief overview, completely off the top of my head, and ended the idea with the statement, "And the epilogue would come a few months after in a second edition". And that sold her.

Six months after writing furiously while living on the tiny advance she could give me, I finished the book. I had no idea that when I finished the last chapter, I was also finishing the ghost that would eerily haunt me for quite a while after the book was published. To be honest, the book was not entirely fiction. It was about thirty percent autobiographical, but no one has recognized the familiar story line, yet.

I was bored in Europe, how ridiculous was that? This lake of culture was surrounding me from all sides, and I was growing weary of the trip. I enjoyed the days, but I needed some entertainment, some pizzazz. So when Eva Catalanos asked me over the kid-size cheesecake slice we shared if I liked anyone. I grinned like a cheshire cat, although the grin was a complete facade. I didn't like anyone, not really. But as I grinned, I glanced furiously around the room where half our travel group was sitting and found Grant Winters sitting at a table with about six guys from our group, playing some card game. Grant was adorable. He was cute, in a non-traditional, he's so sweet he's cute kind of way. Eva followed my gaze. Her eyes widened. "Grant?!?" She whispered furiously. I nodded, thinking what bad could come of heightening an appreciation for someone to a crush. I bit my lower lip, nothing would happen, plus, it would be fun.

I never expected what happened after the publishers ran the first printing. 100,000 copies sold in a three-week period, the majority after a reviewer of the New York Times wrote the book was "a smart read" and "makes you yearn for a sequel, or at least an epilogue". Then, like the climax of my life I had always wanted, I watched as my name became well-known, my book became a bestseller, and ruled the list for six glorious weeks, until James Patterson cranked out another hit and knocked me to number two.

The book, I suppose you are wondering, did end with an empty epilogue page. I made good on my promise to end with a mysterious epilogue, and it worked. The book's popularity grew the instant reviewers told of the soon-to-come epilogue. Discussion boards were dominated by the possible endings readers had come up with in their own minds. I admit, I read as many as I could, until I found some better than the ending I had imagined.

"So, you can't write the epilogue?" My agent had asked after three months.

I answered that I needed inspiration, she suggested seeing Grant again. I knew I would be seeing him eventually, at my best friend Jordan's engagement party and wedding, but I didn't tell her that.

"I just don't know if seeing him would do me good or bad", I admitted.

She looked at me and bit her lip. "Or are you scared he won't want the same epilogue as you?"

I had always expected to get a phone call from Grant one day, having him either yell at me for writing a book about a relationship that's own existence is open for debate or compliment my writing. He must've heard about it, the reviews were everywhere, it seemed. He would certainly be able to recognize himself, I knew it was hopeless trying to create a character he could not identify, as most of Grant's personality traits are so rare, nothing compares.

We were walking through Trafalgar Square, although we were supposed to be meeting our friends in Covent Garden in about (I checked my watch) four minutes. We had stopped at Trafalgar, after hearing from a man on the Metro that the Covent Garden stop wasn't exactly the best place to bring a lady (the three guys I was with all looked at me when he said "lady") at night. The man warned Grant, Andy, and David that it would be better to get off at Trafalgar Square, not that much safer, but better lit. So we got off at Trafalgar Square. As I glanced around, snapping pictures left and right, Grant leaned over to Andy. He thought I didn't hear him, but I did, and that might've been the point when my pseudo-crush went to reality. "Stay with her, I'm going to walk with David for a minute." At points Andy would get ahead of me, and Grant would look back, raise his eyebrows in exasperation, and point at me with his eyes. Eventually, they swapped back, and I toted around Grant's camera, snapping pictures of anything that would hold still.

We never made it to Covent Garden, we ended up by a fountain, Grant and David smoking the pipes they had bought while I took even more pictures. As we rode back on the Metro, Andy and I on one side, Grant and David on the other, I leaned my head against the railing, closing my eyes. Hearing a series of camera snaps, I opened my eyes slightly. He was taking pictures of me. He pushed the review button on the camera, and looking at one, he grinned. I could not have imagined the protective grin if I tried.

Three days later, I was on the plane taking me to Jordan's engagement party, reading the newest *InStyle*. I wished I had not gotten the issue for free, but my agent had overnighted it, as page 194 through 196 featured an article on me, the text underneath pictures of me in various outfits. My personal favorite photo was one with me standing in the most beautiful heels I had ever worn on top of a pile of books. I was outfitted beautifully, so much so that I bought most of the pieces I had worn in the shoot. My phone buzzed annoyingly, I pulled it out from my coat pocket and scrolled through the emails. Jordan had sent yet another message,

her eighth of the day. Most consisted of "can't wait to see you!" and "don't outshine me at my party!", but this one had a picture attachment. The message read "Just thought you'd like to remember the days when it seemed so simple, had to go through these for a photo table Matt's mom is putting together and could not resist sharing! Enjoy!" I opened the attachment, and a photo of Jordan and I from our first trip to Europe, on which my entire book is based, popped up. We were grinning, looking ridiculously young, and holding up Ben and Jerry's ice cream we bought inside the Eiffel Tower. I smiled. I didn't have a single picture from the Eiffel Tower, my camera had died right before we got there. But I wasn't very focused on not having pictures, I was a little preoccupied.

"Okay, here looks good!" I waved Grant over to the rail. On the crammed elevator ride up, he had told me he wanted to find the best spots for photo-taking, and he asked for my help. He walked over to the spot and began snapping away. I took a few of him standing against the railing, handed the camera back to him and walked over to another empty spot. We continued the cycle until we had rounded the entire tower. I'm sure at least one of the pictures had me in it, but I never saw Grant's photos. At one point, mid-wave, I realized this is how it feels to be in a relationship. To have someone to snap pictures of, not just as a favor but because I was with him every step of the way. Once when I stopped, I stood beside a man who was leaning against the rail. Grant called my name, and I looked back at him. AS I looked back I felt the man pull his hand away from my backpack, and saw the corner of his sleeve move back to its rightful spot. Grant walked over, and as the man walked away, I recounted what had happened. His eyebrow furrowed, and he tried to find the guy. This is what its like, I thought, to be in a relationship. To have someone to report things to.

The plane began to descend as I checked my make-up in my small mirror. Jordan had chosen me as her maid of honor, and while I was thrilled, it meant I had to scurry to my apartment and then quickly to the art gallery Jordan had picked for the engagement party. The best benefit of luxury class, besides the better food and nicer seats, was that you were excused first off the plane. I made it to my apartment in thirty minutes, not bad considering I had to rent a car and buy some form of caffeine on the way. I briefly reunited with my loft apartment I had purchased the moment the first printing royalties came in and decorated with the money I made from magazine interviews. An hour after I had landed, I was pulling into the art gallery parking lot. I checked my makeup, knowing pretty damn well that Grant would probably make an appearance, he had, in fact been there for Jordan when her dad had suddenly passed away about five years ago.

"So are you going to talk to him, or should I keep seat you two at separate ends of the gallery?" Jordan had asked me earlier that week.

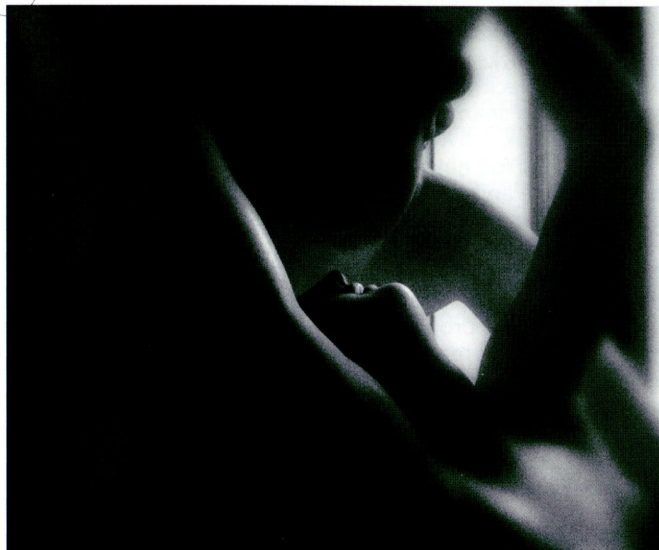
"Just make sure I'm not right beside him, and you're good."

"Okay great, now you are not bring a date, correct?"
 "Yeah." I could hear Jordan typing loudly, confirming the seating arrangements. "Hey, Jordan?"
 She sighed. "He's not bringing one either, Emma. Don't worry."

You could've avoided all this, I tell myself. My editor strongly encouraged me to change the story to the point that no one, not even my closest friends would recognize the resemblance between *No Epilogue Yet* and my reality. But I had decided early on into the project that if people were going to hear a piece of my story, they would hear the real one.

Grant was such a big part of my life, liking him had changed it, in a sense. Without him, I definitely would have never written *No Epilogue Yet*, for sure. I knew I made the right decision every time I read the feedback on my website. I had just read one that I copied and pasted on an email to my editor, who was starting to press me on another book.

2



3

The Run

Cold. All I can feel is cold. But I keep running. Where am I going? I don't even know anymore – I just keep running. I am sweating, my legs are jell-o but everything is numb. I know I should *feel* something. But all I can feel is the cold.

It all started with a hole in the wall. There was a hole in the wall. It was a fist that brought about this particular hole. I still don't know why. There was a rat in the house. Then a hole in the wall. Then there was a belt. And I ran. But that was hours ago.

Pass the church, cross the train tracks, wave to the nice old man on the porch – try not to let him see my face mottled by tears. He'll ask questions. The kind I don't like to answer.

Home. Not sure where that is anymore. It used to have an address. A lawn. A garden. Furniture. Rooms designed by me; I spent so much time painting those walls. Where did that place go? I can't remember. All I can feel now is cold.

Pass the gas station. I always stop here. Except today. Always the same attendant. He'll ask questions too. More of the kind that I don't like to answer. Pass the Wal-Mart, the stop sign, wave to the man on the porch. Cross the train tracks, pass the church.

He'll be worried. I know he worries. He says so. His words are always pretty. Our house is full of pretty words. But all I can feel is cold. Open the door and the cold rushes out. Fills me up and surrounds me. Hits me right in the face and takes my breath away. That icy, slicing cold. All I can feel is cold.

1



August 31, 2008.

Welcome to the Facebook Diet: a newly high-tech, automated program that tracks your daily progress online (and yes, you can even still check your email without worrying about all those pounds of spam!). All you have to do is go about your normal Facebook activities, and we will take care of the rest. It's that simple! You have expressed a desire to rid yourself of all of the drama and addictiveness associated with good ol' Facebook. It's not that you don't want to know what's going on around you, it's just that you can't quit! What you are about to embark on is a twelve-month journey to cyber freedom. That's right: freedom. You might be thinking to yourself, "Self, am I really ready for this program? Am I ready to have the internet chains cut off? Am I ready to be socially 'out of the loop' for the rest of my life?" Well, my friend, I assure you, you will not regret the task at hand. For the five and a half years you've been in college, you have pondered the possibilities of being "Facebook free". Now, you too can achieve this not-so-distant dream (we have a 76% satisfaction rating!).

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to see how people thought of you after your funeral? Unfortunately, this program will not give you that wonderfully fuzzy, "George Bailey-like" feeling, but we like to think this is the next best thing. Over the next twelve months, be prepared to have your friends come up to you and express their genuine appreciation for your well-being by saying, "Dude, you're not on Facebook anymore!" or "Man, why did you delete your profile?" or "I miss your clever status-writing ability!" Do not be overwhelmed; these are *normal* reactions by your real friends. This is just a taste of what is to come.

Now it's time for you to embark on your twelve-month journey. Like I said.

Let's begin, shall we? You are about to take your first step toward internet freedom. Sit back, stretch out those fingertips, and buckle up. Here we go!

September 5, 2008.

It's been almost a week since you sent a convenient message to all of your Facebook friends explaining your future plans. You have received some interrogative feedback from a few people; mostly girls that you know who are still in your high school youth group expressing their sadness with the use of plenty of "sad face" emoticons. Some of your guy friends have expressed interest as well by posting funny little tidbits on your wall such as, "It was a good run, man," or "Leaving Facebook, huh?" or the all-to-familiar, "See you on the other side." The other 97% of your friends have neither seen your message nor noticed you were leaving. Come to think of it, it's almost as if most of your Facebook friends have forgotten altogether that you even *have* a Facebook account. No worries: they'll realize how "out-of-the-loop" they were once you've left the cyberspace neighborhood that is Facebook. Joke's on them! Still not happy with how things are going? Take a moment to compile your thoughts using a pen and notebook. This is a very constructive way to keep up with your progress. Joking! Who writes anything by hand anymore? Get with the new millennium and start a blog!

September 7, 2008.

Okay, so nobody has read your new blog. You delete it without hesitation. After only seven of your friends have responded in any way to

your future departure, you have decided to create a new group entitled, "I'm Leaving Facebook, So Give Me Your Numbers!" Sounds like a sure-fire way to get people's attention.

September 30, 2008.

Only twenty of your friends have joined your group. No biggie! This number will grow with time. In order to get more friends in the loop (and, at the same time, not seem like a huge creeper), you change the title of your group to, "Leaving Facebook; Let's Stay in Touch!" In the group description, you decide to add the following disclaimer: "Hey guys! As you know, I'm leaving Facebook, but I would love to stay in touch. My number is (xxx-xxx-xxxx). Leave me your number so we can all stay friends. Thanks!"

You're one step closer to cyber freedom.

October 18, 2008.

Good news! Your group has gained forty more members! People have written fun little things on your group's wall, and you have three phone numbers now of people you probably will never call (or else be too scared to call). Things are moving slowly, but you're making progress. Hey, Rome wasn't built in a day! Plus, the Romans didn't even have the internet. Can you imagine if the Emperor had made a fan page for himself? He wouldn't even have had to invade all those other countries! He would just dominate their fan pages and beat them in "The Movie Quiz"! I digress...

You have set an ultimatum for yourself. In two weeks, November 1st, you will be completely "Facebook free". Way to be motivated!

Oh, but what's this? Facebook Chat? This is new...

November 24, 2008.

Did you really think you could quit Facebook cold-turkey? Please. Don't kid yourself! It's a twelve month program for a reason. These things take time.

Your group has stayed the same. Nobody new has joined, nobody old has left.

However, you've received three different invitations to upcoming events in the last month: your best friend's poker night, your next-door-neighbor's barbecue on Saturday, and your church choir's ice cream social after rehearsal. Just think, if you had quit when you had planned, you might not have gotten all of these great invites! Looks like people do care about your social life, after all. Even better, you wouldn't have been able to stalk your friends to see what events they were attending. I kid, I kid. You don't really *stalk* people. You're just keeping up with friends. After all, it's just Facebook, right? It's not real life. This is all in good fun.

You're feeling good about things, so you decide to update your profile by changing your picture. You take a couple of pictures of yourself sitting in a chair in deep thought. After all, you want to appear smart since you have chosen this sophisticated diet plan. Looks convincing!

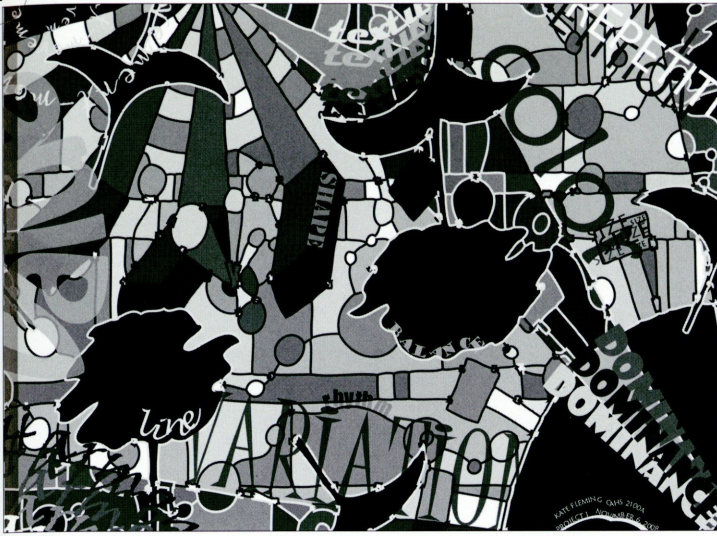
Maybe deleting your account isn't all that necessary...

December 20, 2008.

You're now home for the holidays. No more school! Out of the three events you were invited to, you successfully attended the ice cream social that was thrown by your church choir. Apparently, you were too busy saving all of your pictures onto your hard drive that you did not get the memo that the location had changed. Maybe that explains why there were a bunch of old ladies painting pictures in the fellowship hall at the church that night...

Your birthday was also last week, and you got a bunch of birthday wishes on your wall:

[Happy birthday, bro.]



[Happy birthday, man.]
 [Happy b-day, dude.]
 [Happy birthday friend! Hope your day is fantastic! I miss you! Come see me the next time you're in town!] (Ah, so that's where that girl from your high school youth group went...) Christmas is in five days! Let's see what parties are about to happen...

December 24, 2008.

Time for a little "good news/bad news" situation. The bad news is you didn't get an invite to any Christmas parties. The good news is that you got an invite to a Christmas carol sing-along two days ago—from your cousin back home. Aw, she really misses you!

Your family is downstairs opening a few presents before the big day tomorrow, but you're upstairs facing a dilemma. What should your status be? It's Christmas Eve, after all; shouldn't you say something festive? Or should you go "three wise men" on everybody and say something profound? Here's what you've come up with so far:

[Merry Christmas, everybody!]
 [Tomorrow's Christmas! Getting excited!]
 [Did you know that Jesus was actually born in the summertime? Cool stuff.]

[Getting ready to celebrate the day where we stop what we're doing and come together as families; where we take a moment to appreciate the little things in life that we often miss or take for granted; the day where] (you ran out of room in your status).

[Merry Christmas.]

[Clear status]

Total time dedicated to coming up with a clever status: 45 minutes.

And... your little brother opened your present while you were upstairs. Merry Christmas!

December 25, 2008.

All of the presents have been opened, so it's time for a little relaxation. You tell your parents you're about to take a nap; but for some reason, you aren't tired, so you boot up the family computer again.

Why is nobody on Facebook Chat?

December 26, 2008.

The day after Christmas. You've been in the car all day with your mother returning gifts from your aunt up north because "she wasn't thinking when she bought that piece of garbage she calls a present." Ah, you've got to love your mother...

Finally! You're home. Straight to the computer to check your email. Since nobody emails each other during the holidays, maybe somebody left something on your wall...

You check out your homepage and see that lovely little red bubble at the corner of your screen with a white number "one" inside. A notification! Did that girl accept your friend request? Maybe somebody commented on your profile picture (which is now a picture of you with your new iPhone in one hand and a glass of egg nog in the other). You click your mouse and take a deep breath:

[One of your friends has created a quiz! Take their quiz and see how well you know your friends! Then we'll help you create your own quiz!]

After doing all you can not to throw your iPhone at your computer screen, you notice a little sticky note on the ground near your sub-woofer with the following reminder scribbled:

"Delete Facebook → December 7th!"

So you haven't forgotten! Good for you. Unfortunately, you've just been a little side-tracked. No worries, my friend!

You know, New Year's Eve is coming up soon. Resolutions are a great way to accomplish great things...

January 16, 2009.

You're back at school and you've done it. You made a resolution to delete your account and you did it! You saved all of your data and deactivated your page. You've done what was supposed to take twelve months in less than five!

A huge burden has been lifted. Your life can now begin anew!

January 16, 2009; 8:45 pm.

You've deactivated your account, but in the back of your mind, you know that all you have to do is reactivate it and you'll be right back in the social scene. Temptations, temptations...

January 16, 2009; 8:54 pm.

You should just move away from your computer, slowly. Go outside and take a walk. But who walks anymore? Just go play some Xbox.

The Xbox isn't working, but your computer is...

Nah. You're getting tired, anyway. Just go to bed and start fresh tomorrow. It's like your mother always said, "No good decisions are made after sunset." (Wait, did she really say that? What century is this? Nevermind.)

January 17, 2009; 2:30 am.

You can't sleep.

Maybe just a peek... let's see if anything has happened.

You boot up your laptop and reactivate your account. Nothing new has happened. No wall posts, no messages, nothing.

Fail.

February 10, 2009.

Ah, February. The cold month where nothing fun happens in the real world, yet your "Farmville" community is growing exponentially on Facebook. In four days, one of the most depressing days in the world will rear its ugly head once again: Valentine's Day (aka "Singles Awareness Day"). The one day of the year where you are single, and you feel like everybody else knows it.

Or do they? Maybe you should change your relationship status. After all, maybe there's a girl out there who wants to do something with you for Valentine's Day, but they don't know if you're available. Oh no! That can't happen! This is your one chance at fulfillment, my friend! To find your potential soul-mate!

You change your empty relationship status:

[Single]

February 11, 2009.

You are going to a party tonight that your best friend is throwing. With Valentine's Day coming up, you think it could be a good opportunity to meet some ladies. Plus, you need some

thing to take your mind off Facebook. Things are getting ridiculous online. The girl you've been internet stalking has entered into a relationship with that jerk in your Economics class, your sister sent you a virtual gift (a martini glass with a lime on the rim), and nobody has added you in a good three weeks. Time to get out in the real world for once.

You arrive about an hour into the party and who do you see sitting on the couch? That girl you've been Facebook stalking! She's holding a red plastic cup and talking to some of her girl friends. Sending shivers up your spine, you decide to down a few drinks yourself to calm down and loosen up.

After about four drinks (or maybe five?), that girl is *still* sitting over there on that couch. You have got to go talk to her! You sit down and start spitting game hoping she will respond...

"Aren't we Facebook friends?" she asks.

Yes! You are! What a great ice-breaker!

With no boyfriend in sight, you chat the night away with her. She laughs at your jokes, touches your knee; she's flirting and you like it.

See? Aren't you glad you didn't quit Facebook right away?

February 12, 2009.

You wake up. You're lying on the couch, but where is everybody? Your best friend is gone, but isn't this his couch? It's the same color, right?

Wait. Didn't that girl say she had the same color couch at her apartment?

Oh dear.

All of a sudden, a big, muscled, football player walks into the room. Isn't he in your Economics class?

Oh dear, dear.

As the lights come on, you look down and wonder where all your clothes are. Come to think of it, why are you wearing red underwear with white hearts on them? Oh yeah, those are yours.

Oh dear, dear, DEAR!

He drops his jacket and gives you an evil stare. Without even thinking twice, you jump up and run to the other side of the couch. He chases you around the room until you finally bolt out into the sunshine. It's daytime?

You find your car in the parking lot and somehow, the keys are still in the ignition. You drive home and faint onto your bed.

What a terrible night.

Your homepage has been on screen all night because you left your computer on before the party. Nice move.

[Inbox: 7 new messages]

February 15, 2009.

Another "good news/bad news" situation for you. The good news is you have fifteen new picture tags. The bad news is what the pictures depict. Remember those dashing undergarments? Yup.

More bad news: those 7 new messages? Yeah, you and that girl sent those to yourself. Seemed funny at the time, right? After all, it was a rough night, you got a little bored, had a few drinks, and your friend's Mac was just sitting there all alone on the coffee table.

Let's take a look at your wall, shall we?

[Dude, nice boxers.]

[Wow, what happened the other night?]

[LOL!!!]

[Man. There is something wrong with you.]

[Hey! When are you coming back home? I miss seeing you!]

[Why won't that girl from your high school youth group just leave you alone?]

The Valentine's Day party now owns your soul. The question is, where do you stand in your relationship with that girl? She never said herself whether or not she was dating that guy; and

you *did* spend the night on her couch. Maybe things are different now, right?

You change your relationship status from

[Single]

to

[It's Complicated]

February 16, 2009

You also change your status from

[I love my Valentine's Day boxers!]

to

[Clear Status]

Whoops.

May 9, 2009.

Well, my friend. You have officially failed the twelve month Facebook Diet. This program is not nearly completed, yet you might as well have admitted defeat, my friend. You have managed to get yourself into more trouble in the last few months than in your entire life. If you had just listened to your gut and not been so dependent on technology, maybe you would have a better social life. Maybe you would actually talk to that girl on the quad when you pass her on Tuesdays instead of pretending not to see her. Maybe you would have a life.

You know what? No worries. Life goes on. There's nothing wrong with having a Facebook account. After all, millions of other people use it, right? You're just part of a trend. You're accepting a fad. You're going with the crowd. That's America! It's not the end of the—

What's this? A friend request? Who could this be?

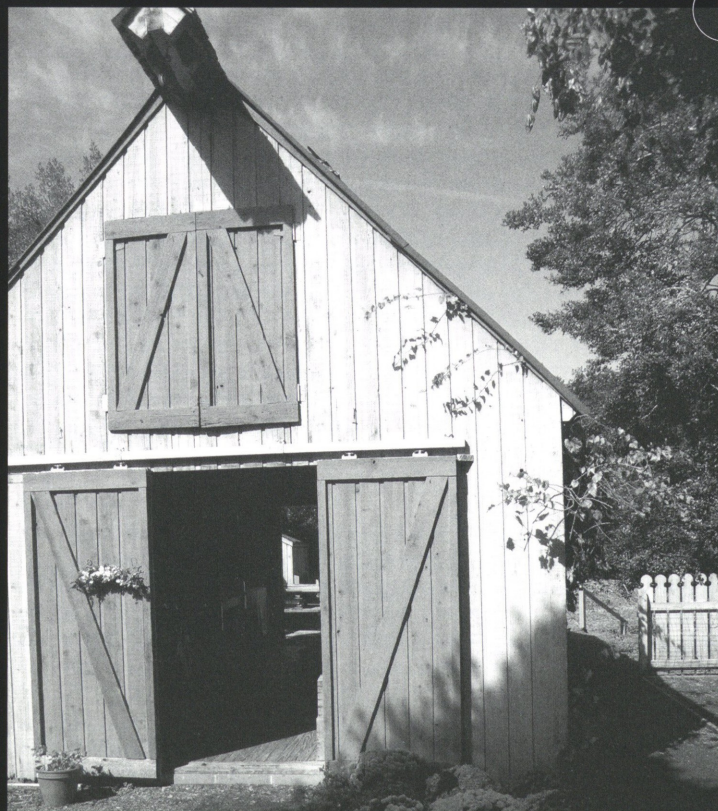
[Your mother has requested you to be her friend. Accept or Ignore?]

Well, that's enough for me, what about you?

[DEACTIVATE ACCOUNT]

May 25, 2009.

Maybe you should look into Twitter...





3 Forget

For the most part, it was quiet. There was the hum of the air conditioner and the occasional thumping of footsteps echoing against a wall that Kate was on the wrong side of. But that was all.

She had only been in this room for a few minutes, but already her eyes strayed off the pages of the book in her hand and settled on the clock.

Noon.

Kate looked down at her finger. The bandage surrounding it was covered with cartoon characters she didn't recognize. She lifted up a corner, saw that her finger had stopped bleeding, and peeled the bandage off.

"The doctor will be here shortly. She'll have the results."

That's what the nurse had said, as she left with a small vial of blood. Then the door had closed, leaving Kate alone.

Thirty minutes had passed. Kate stared at a page of her book. This was a different kind of alone, a kind she had no control over. Its end was determined by the outside world.

A voice floated down the hallway, but its owner turned a corner and was gone. By now Kate had put the book back into her bag. Distraction seemed to have followed the voice down a path far away from the examination room.

Kate hoped there was nothing wrong. But then again, if something were, at least someone would pay attention to her.

"Cancer," the doctor would say, rushing into the room. "If only we hadn't left you alone for so long!"

No, Kate thought. Can you even tell if someone has cancer from a blood test? Besides, there's probably nothing wrong.

The clock was minutes shy of one.

Kate wondered what the doctor was doing at this exact moment. Perhaps she was seeing a patient, or eating lunch, or chatting with a nurse. But all that mattered to Kate was what her doctor wasn't doing.

There were so many doctors in Kate's life, people who forgot to remember her. Her best friend from high school, whose insecurities had led to a new group of friends.

An old teacher who responded to Kate's salutation with a blank, confused stare.

Kate wondered if she was responsible for these failed relationships. She was, after all, the common denominator. But, then again, there were countless people she herself had forgotten. So, Kate thought, are we responsible for those who forget us, or those whom we forget?

There was a knock at the door, followed by the appearance of a tall woman in a lab coat in the doorway.

"Sorry for the wait," she said. "Your tests came back negative."



1



3



I Have Never Wanted To Be a Word Before

4

i have never wanted
to be a word before,
rising out from a mouth
like a flower emerging
from its warm wet soil

i wonder if I would be
a rose or a dandelion

but I would be his word.

senior year English class
seventh period

Alex.

i would love to be his word,
tonguing each syllable

he speaks like wind
through trees
like sunlight
through water

perfect.

he asks me first
i cannot speak
only nod

our first date
local gas station
two hearts
one cigarette

feels like a three way to me.

i have never smoked before
he knows
i puff
i cough
he chuckles

but as god
would chuckle
heartless and cruel
but as god
would chuckle

perfect.

we walk home
silence walks home
with us
to be safe of course
i tell myself

my door
i am cold
shivering
He knows

he puts his arms around me
softly,
a mother's caress

i cry
he asks why
i let silence speak for me

he understands.

his lips are chapped
pricking against my own

i think of the hedgehog's dilemma.

again

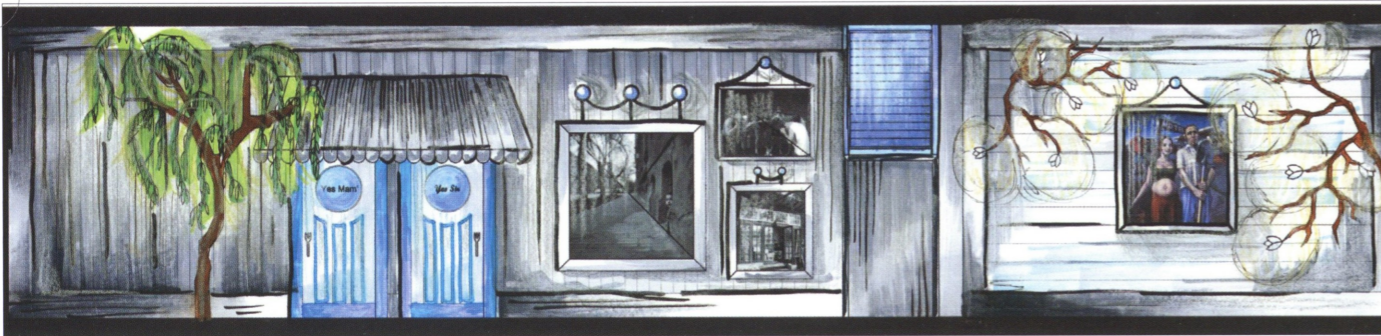
perfect.

i know he tells me
goodnight
but
i am no longer in my body

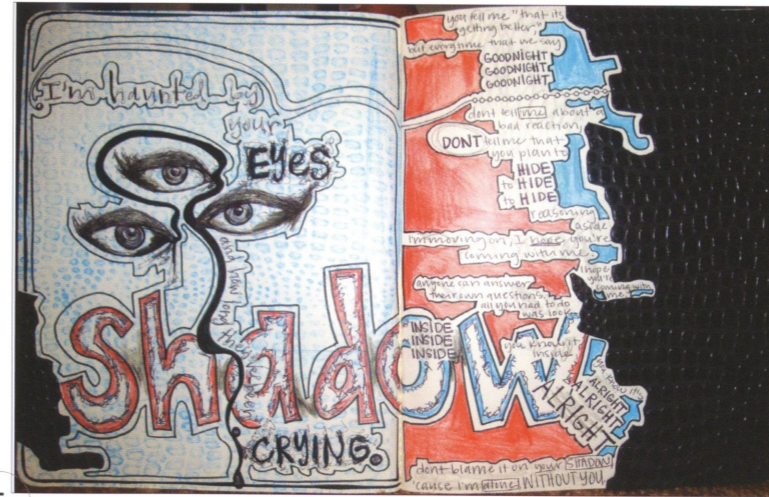
i have died
and returned to earth

reborn,
us.

2



5



6



1. "Stretch" : Sony Cyber-Shot, WILL FARGASON
2. "Sweet Potato Restaurant Inside Section" : prisma colored pencils and prisma markers, SARAH VIRGINIA GREENE
3. "One Shoulder Flat" : markers and colored pencils, LAUREN MELLOR

4. "I Have Never Wanted to be a Word Before" : poetry, MATTHEW WALKER
5. "Shadows" : prisma colored pencils, pen, sharpie, scrapbook paper, GLENDINNING JOHNSTON
6. "Divine Intervention Sketch 1" : photoshop & illustrator, BECCA MIKKELSON

1

On the Way to Rural

Looking out the car window at the same
 Wooden poles, dirt yards, and blank green landscapes
 Bore my already resting, sleepy brain.
 But with you it becomes a road trip escape
 Filled with adventures at every gas station stop,
 And questions in every missed turn
 Then the thrill of speeding past Ohatchee's cop.
 The more time I spend with you the more I learn
 About the relativity of boredom –
 It's face is so different from its heart
 Like how one woman's trash can become
 A house that comes to life with art.
 So as we ride on past toilets and cows
 The same plain trees blow kisses and take bows.

2



4



3



5



1. "On the Way to Rural" : poetry, MARY QUINCE DOUGLAS 2. "Relax for a While" : Canon EOS Rebel Xsi, BECCA BEERS
 3. "Vatican" : digital photography JONATHAN MEADOWS 4. "Knox Family Room Perspective" : marker and colored pencil, KATE FLEMING
 5. "Wasted Away" : photography and photoshop, SIGOURNEY SMITH

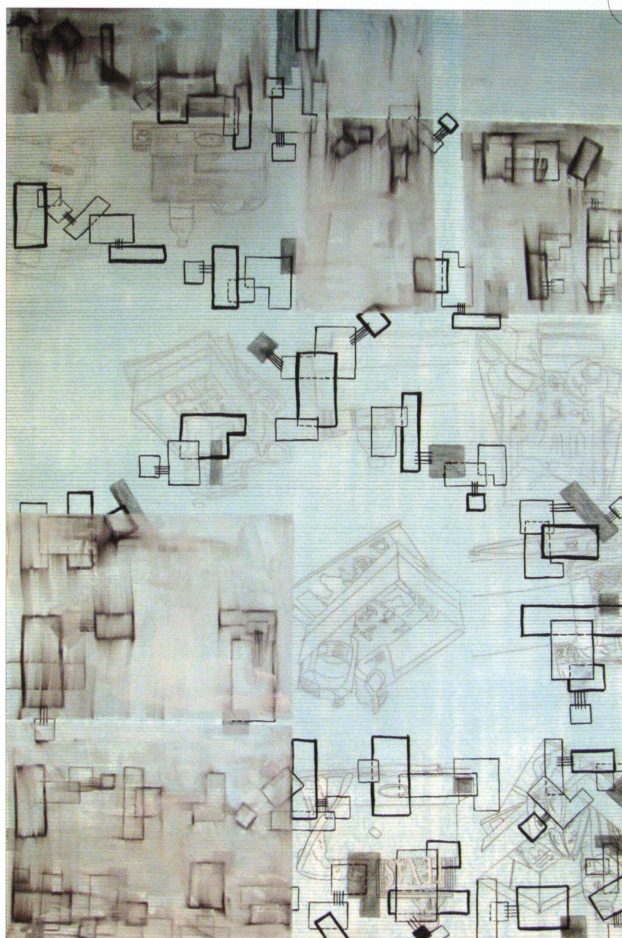
6



7



8



9

6. "Bottles" : photograph, JAMIE ANKENBRANDT 7. "Jean Flat" : markers and colored pencils, LAUREN MELLOR

8. "Series of Angles" : guache and india ink on pastel, ALYSSA RACHELS 9. "Destroyed" : photography & photoshop, SIGOURNEY SMITH

1



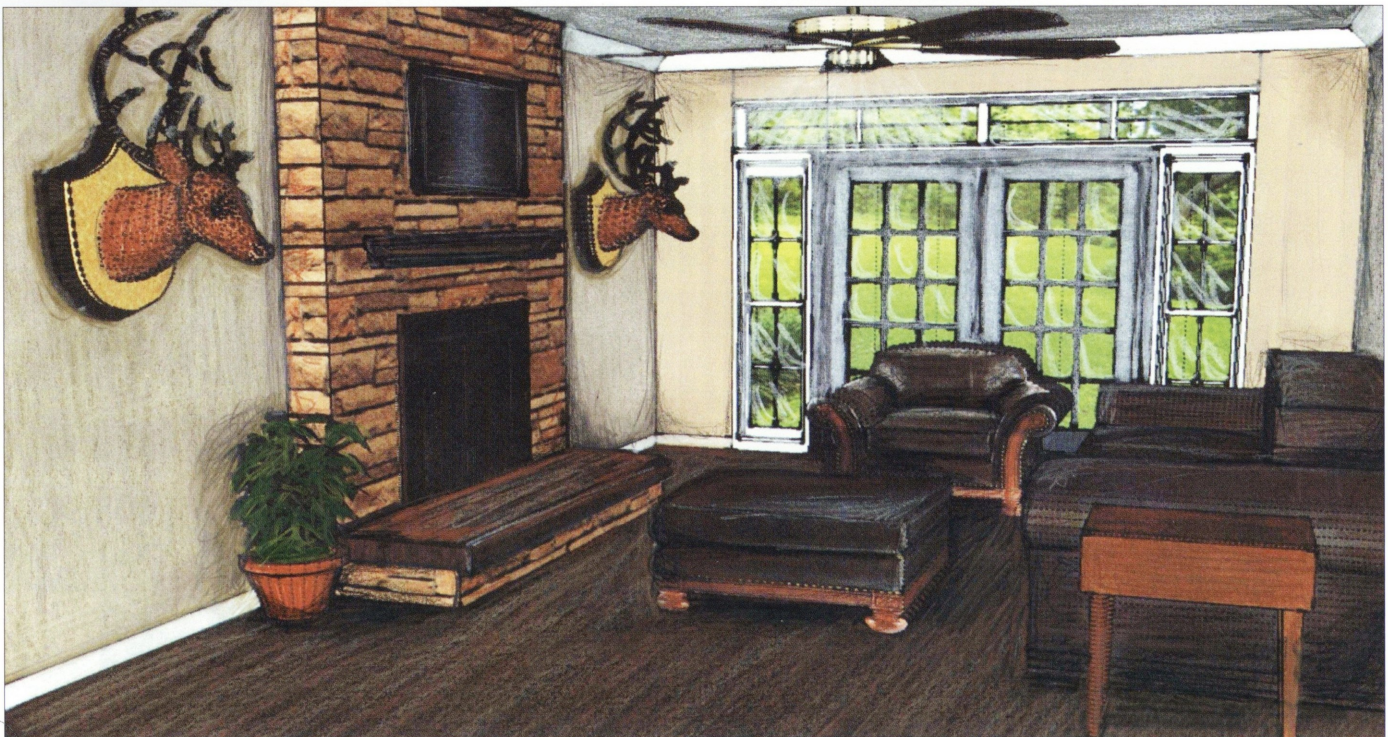
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3



4



1. "Mountain Dew Code Red" : Canon Rebel XS, MATT HENDERSON 2. "Tribal Carpet Design" : acrylic on paper, COURTNEY BRANNAN
3. "Reflections" : watercolor, DANIELLE KESSLER 4. "Knox Man Den Perspective" : interior design, DANAE WILLIAMS

5



6



8



7

5. "Storm" : Nikon D60, JONATHAN MEADOWS 6. "Magnifying Glass Magnified" : oil paint, KATHRYN COOPER
7. "Knox Master Bath Perspective" : interior design, DANA E WILLIAMS 8. "The Bridges of the City" : Nikon D90, ROBERT GOLDEN

Neiman-Marcus Brownies

1

Ingredients

- 1 Butter Pecan Cake Mix
- 1 stick butter, melted
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 (8 oz.) pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 stick butter, melted
- 1 box powdered sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten

Directions

Mix cake mix, 1 stick butter and 1 egg. Press into greased and floured 9 x 13 inch pan. In separate bowl, mix cream cheese, 1 stick butter, powdered sugar, and 2 eggs. Pour over cookie layer. Top with 1 ½ cups chopped pecans. Bake at 300 degrees for 50 to 55 minutes

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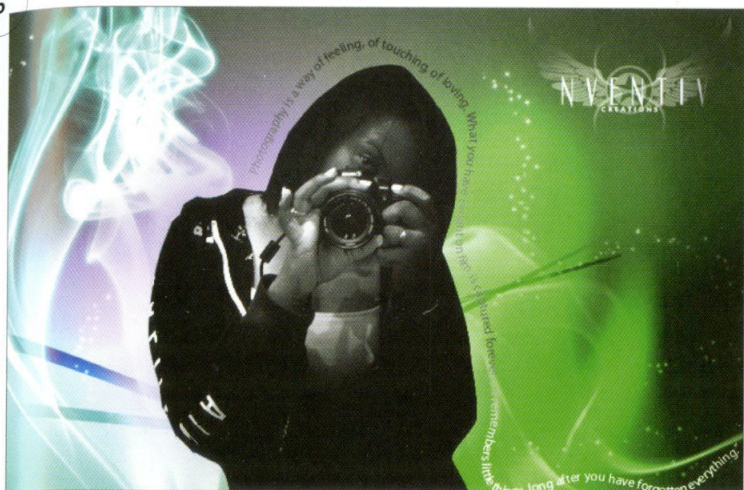
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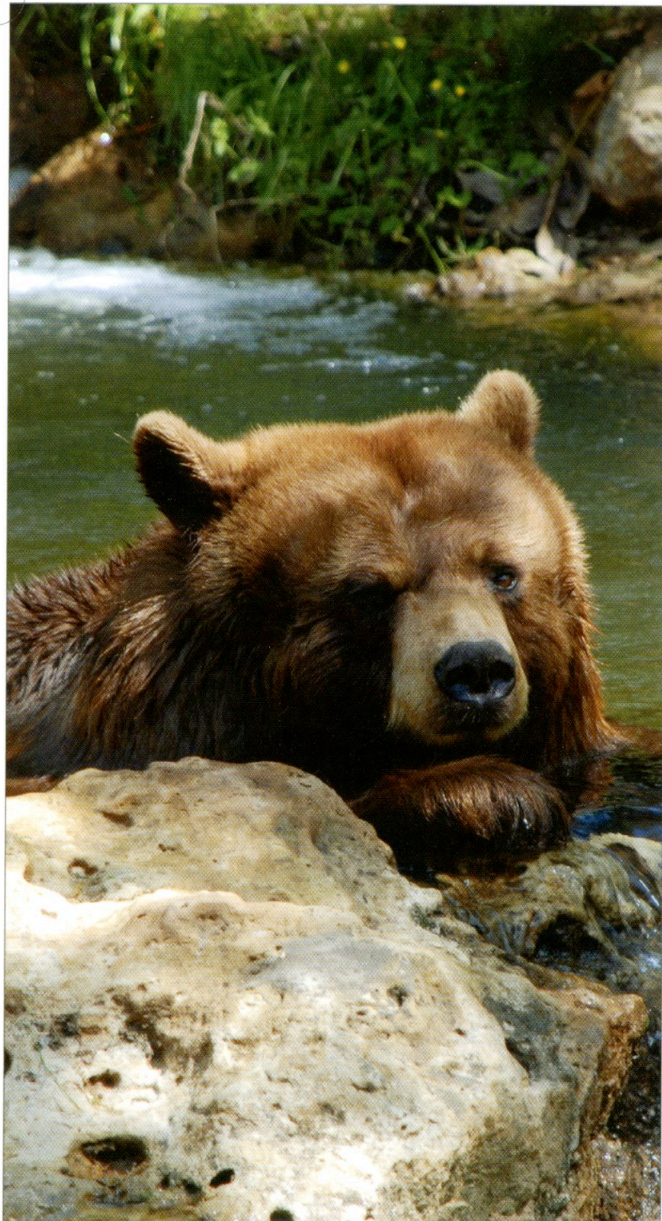


1. "Neiman-Marcus Brownies": recipe, culinary, HILARY BARRINGER
2. "Shattered Glass": Canon EOS Rebel k2, BETHANY DONALDSON
3. "Auburn Growth?": oil pastels, HILLARY FLOYD
4. "Eiffel": Kodak M1033, BRITNEY KIRKSEY
5. "Delta Highway": Canon Rebel XS, HILARY BARRINGER

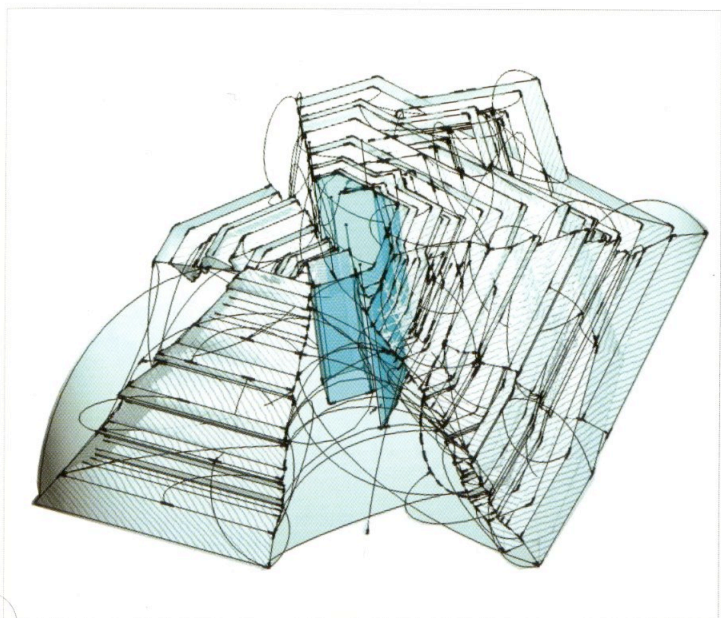
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1. "Destin Sunset" : Nikon D80, KRISTEN ASHCOM 2. "The Hardest" : Sony Cybershot, WILL FARGASON
3. "Where are we?" : prismacolor pencils, collage, etc., GLENDINNING JOHNSTON 4. "The Sailor's Sunrise" : Nikon D50, JOSHUA OLIVER

"Lauren," I said in the car on the way to the hospital, "can you please just tell me what happened?"

"Well," she responds, "you grabbed the rail, and sat down. You slid downward, somewhat gracefully, into a laying position. Your skin had turned as white as a sheet. No color was left on your body. Your eyes widened and you brought your fists up under your chin. And then your whole body shuddered, like this." She pulled her fists to her face, rolled her eyes into her head, and shook.

She said it was her first reaction to scream. "Oh my gosh!" rang through Spidle Hall loud enough to cause Marcia Klein to stop her presentation and come out into the hallway. The EMTs who just happened to be in the crowd jumped to action. She said Hamilton called the ambulance. Or was it her? Someone called my mom and my brother as well. There was a lot going on, because of me. Lauren says the worst part was seeing me, but that it was not me at all. It was a stranger who had the seizure. In the car, on the way to the hospital, I start to think about the day, how it got to this point. It began when I came home from work...

As soon as I walk in the door, Lauren and Hamilton, my roommates, are in the kitchen obviously ready to go somewhere. They tell me they are on their way to a child abuse seminar and invite me to come along. I am an education major and though I won't teach young children, it still would be interesting to learn more about child abuse before entering the public school system. They tell me the seminar is about recognizing the signs of child abuse and what to do about it. The College of Human Sciences is hosting the lecture. I quickly set my book bag down upstairs. We grab our purses and other things we need to head to the lecture. We also grab a couple of things we'll need for the UPC Movie in the Stadium that we had already planned to attend. Hamilton decides to drive so we hop into the car and make the short drive: left out of the driveway, left onto Fiji street, through the light and right into the parking deck. Lauren and Hamilton, nutrition majors, know Spidle well and we don't have to search for the room. We walk through a door on the ground floor that I didn't even know was there. It was on the backside of the building, next to the parking deck. The room was crowded. We took three seats in the second row—the only three seats we could find. Lauren and Ham talk to friends they see from their classes—a lot of Human Science majors are here—I even see some people that I know. My friend Kara yells "hey!" from somewhere in the middle of the room. People crowd in. Marcia Klein, the speaker giving the presentation, is pacing at the front. Lauren, never shy and always considerate, takes this opportunity to tell the speaker we will be leaving in the middle of the presentation. Lauren doesn't want Rachel to think we are leaving because we are bored and as we were in the second row, it was potentially distracting. Eventually, the room settles. We get handouts—it is the slide show, personal copies for everyone with space to take notes. The hosts of the lecture had to make more copies. I'm not great with numbers but I would guess there were 75-100 people there, more than

expected.

Marcia Klein begins her presentation. She starts by reassuring us that there are only a couple of "graphic," or potentially graphic pictures. I get a little nervous—I do not always handle "graphic" very well. She starts telling us about the different kinds of abuse. Soon, the slide about physical abuse appears on the screen.

I wonder if I should just close my eyes. She starts talking about the types of injuries that are considered red flags. "Okay, these are the pictures that are graphic." I look down because I am nervous. I'm a visual person, which has caused problems for me in the past. Courage sneaks into me from somewhere. I decide its time to grow up and lift my head to look up at the slideshow. We see one picture of a burn, or a bruise, or something. Not bad. Not bad at all.

The next topic is something called a spiral fracture. She has illustrations, and she's worried about those. The images depicting the fracture were merely drawings, not even highly detailed drawings. Sweet lady. Her pictures are not bad at all, but she is so concerned. She flips through the images quickly, not wanting to leave them on the screen. During these slides, she describes exactly what a spiral fracture is. There is a lot of impact, to a specific point... or something, that causes the bone to twist, to crack. Guided by the illustrations, and my knowledge of the body from an amazing biology teacher and his survey of life course, I see the bone.

Brick wall! I tell myself. Picture a brick wall! Don't think about it. Marcia's talking. Listen! She says something about this fracture, the spiral fracture, being an injury that almost has to be abuse. Just because of the nature of it. It is very difficult for a child to accidentally fracture his bone in this way. Then there is the bone. The impact. The twisting. Brick wall... I'm feeling weird. Jennifer Klein moved on. Don't think about it.

But it's there. The impact. The slight twisting crack of bone. Stop! I tell Lauren I don't feel well. We were already planning on leaving early, but not for another ten minutes. She says we can go ahead and go. I change my mind. I tell her, no, we can wait another few minutes, it's fine. I hate to make them miss more than they were planning to. I convince myself I don't really feel anything. It's all in my head. My attention turns from our whispering to the presentation...

But I don't see the slideshow. All I can see is the poor kid. The impact. The bone cracking. The twisting. I'm sweating. "Let's go," I tell Lauren. We shuffle out. Lauren and Hamilton walk faster than me, but not fast. Once we step outside the classroom door, the dizziness sets in. I need to sit down. Hamilton and Lauren are near the door to the outside—only a few feet from the one we just stepped out of. I turn instead towards the stairs that are straight across from the door I just left. There are only three steps and a rail. I grab the rail and start to sit on the second step...

I'm so comfortable. And warm. And content. Its quiet. Extremely quiet. And glorious. I'm at home and I'm safe. Safe like I haven't been in a long time. Safe and quiet.

But then I hear it. Something is calling my name. Or talking to me. I'm not sure, but I wish they would stop. Bit by bit, I inch towards consciousness. It's a slow process, or at least it feels like it. I can hear voices a little bit more clearly. When finally I open my eyes, I fully expect to be in my bed in Warner Robins, my parent's home, but I just don't understand what these people are doing here. There are a lot of people here. They keep talking. I wish it would stop. I shut my eyes. It takes too much energy to keep them open.

Unfortunately, the voices don't stop and I am forced to open my eyes again. I see faces, lots of faces. I don't understand. I feel hands. I realize someone is cupping my head in their hands. Securely. They're saying, "we need to get her off the stairs." The stairs? I'm laying on stairs? Lots of hands, up and down my body, slowly lift—and move me all the way to the floor from the stairs I was slumped over on. The boy with my head guides them. I start to realize where I am. The seminar. Spidle Hall. What happened? One of the people at my feet moves and I see Lauren, sitting in a chair. She has her head in her hands. She looks extremely sad, hunched over, maybe praying? I realize how I must have scared her. I feel the color leave my face. Something *bad* has happened. I hear Hamilton off to the side talking to someone on the phone. She always seems to keep a level head when things go wrong. My mom flashes through my head. Does she know? Is she coming? Did anyone tell her I was okay? I want to speak but no words will come. I just don't have the energy. I can't seem to find my voice. The room, beyond the people and Lauren, is fuzzy. Slowly the words start to come. I open my mouth, but nothing happens. The guy with my head has replaced his hands with a towel, or a shirt. I realize he is asking me questions. They, all of those faces, want to know if I can see his fingers. And if I can, how many? I'm really confused, just want to know what happened. He tells me he's an EMT. Just happened to be in the audience that day. A girl is taking my pulse. She is really sweet and very worried about me. I know where I am, but I just can't figure out what all of these people are doing. Or how I got on the floor for that matter. I think I must have passed out. It would not be the first time I passed out because I filled in the blanks a little too realistically. They ask me all the necessary questions. I just want them to tell Lauren I'm fine. Please just let her know I am okay.

The ambulance, yes the ambulance, arrives and asks all the same questions. They decide it's okay for me to leave the floor and Lauren gets out of the chair she was sitting in. The look on her face stands out to me. As I wonder, once again, what happened, a wave of weakness rolls over my body. They had gotten me to the chair. As I am sitting there, someone says the word. "Seizure." I still do not make the connection. Then someone tells me. I did not simply pass out.

I seized.

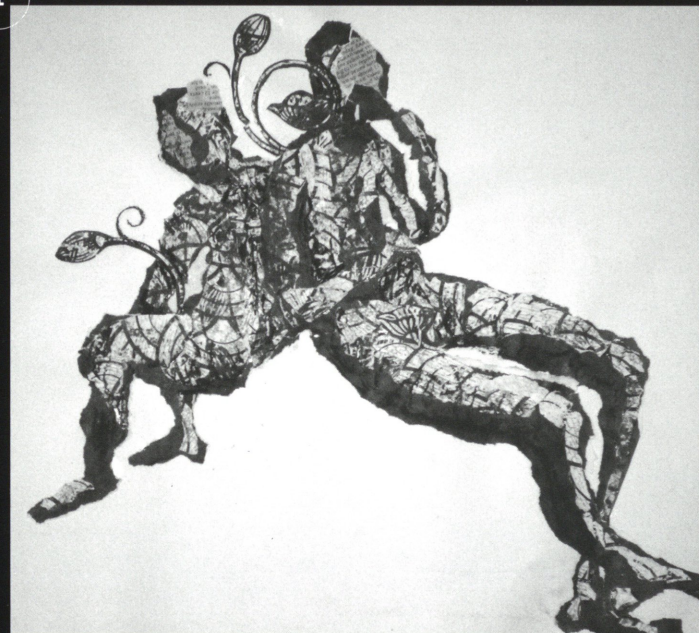
While we waited for the ambulance to finish whatever they were doing, Hamilton and Lauren were able to talk to me. The image of Lauren in that chair, the one I now sit on, flashes in my mind as she talks to me. It is a picture that remains burned in my memory. Her face is now one of sadness and concern. Hamilton doesn't seem to think any of this is a big deal, but that's Hamilton. She knows I am okay and so we can move on.

Maybe I was just disoriented, but I can't wrap my head around what they say happened.

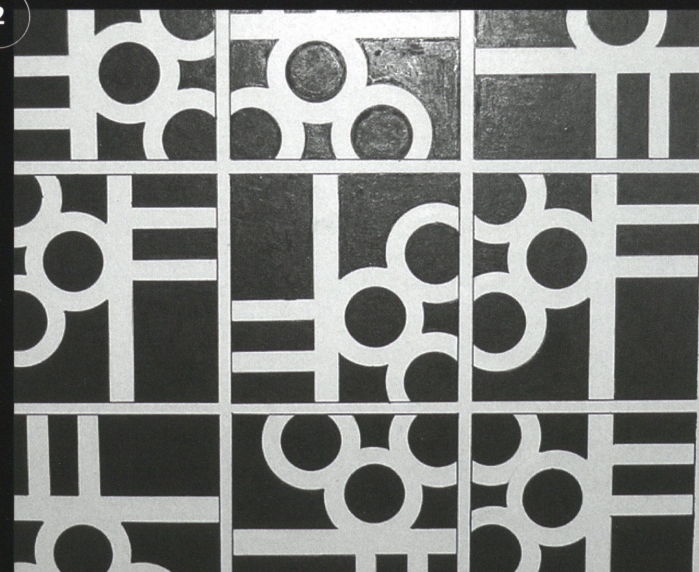
I just remember grabbing the rail.

Sitting in that chair, everything felt surreal. Even now, I'm not sure I truly believe this whole story about seizing. But I remember the way my arms felt when I had to sign the forms from the ambulance men. Jelly. My whole body was fatigued. I was sore for a few days afterward, like I had worked out for the first time in a while. Sitting in that chair, I wondered if I was trapped in a dream. Hamilton brought the car around to that door to the outside, on the bottom floor of Spidle Hall. We never made it to the stadium movie.

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4 Cheap Therapy

Mary Cantrell is a living room kind of gal. So much so that for thirty years she's run her family business from her favorite blue recliner, located right in the center of her north Alabama living room. "I went to New York City once, and I ain't never going back again," she says as she carries a stack of vintage TIME magazines from one dusty corner to another.

Mary is in the bead-selling business.

There's also dishes, old election posters, 50s hat boxes, stacks of used books, but mostly, there's beads. Hanging from the ceiling. Lose in boxes. Displayed on tables. Behind glass. On mannequins. When your living room's got more flash than Time Square, a woman's got no reason to go back.

On this Saturday afternoon like any other, the regulars peruse the millions of brightly colored beads as they move room-to-room, calling attention to this week's additions or noticing those they failed to spot in the sensory overload of the last visit. Chitchat of old Huntsville politics and the quality of summer produce at the local farmer's market dominates the silence most of the time, but during the few lulls, the swish of loose beads between fingers takes stage.

"Mary, I think we've struck gold, honey," says 10-year-customer, Pat Mollett, as she holds up an oblong purple bead. Her husband, Jay looks to Mary and says, "If much else comes into my house, something's gotta go out."

Although Pat may have found the perfect gem for a new necklace, browsing through the millions of beads is about much more than a new necklace.

"Mary's got anything in the world, and she always makes me feel better. I can come in here feeling like I could open a vein and Mary will put a smile on my face," Pat says with

hands full of treasure. "We started coming in here, what, 10 or 12 years ago?" Jay nods as he is too rummaging through a shoebox full of loose watch parts.

Mary and her husband, Larry started selling beads nearly 35 years ago along with men's suits. The unlikely business combination soon gave way to the one-trick pony that is now Mary's Beads.

"I got 'um from God, these beads," Mary says as she throws her arms up in the air, fingers brushing the tips of strands hanging from hooks in the ceiling. Betty Smith, one of Mary's oldest friends and customers, calmly tells the truth of the bead's origin. "She goes all over to get her beads. She goes to Atlanta, Birmingham, Nashville, Scottsborough, you name it, she goes there."

Betty sits in Mary's blue recliner and stuffs loose dollars from customers into a fanny pack. There are no price tags, no receipts and only a box of Ziploc bags to tote your beads home. Mary names the prices on the spot, customer by customer, as they approach her with beads either spilling out of their hands or hammocked in the craters of their shirts.

"Twenty-three for everything with the tax," Mary tells a mother-daughter duo carrying enough beads to string a jump rope.

More than just a center for bead commerce, Mary's Beads is a hub for family and community.

As customer's file in, they are either greeted by name, or they are asked to give their name *and* their mama's name, for the likely chance that Mary or Betty will know of them.

Mary's daughter, Felicia Baites, lives next door to Mary's Beads, where she grew up and is among those wandering in and out as she reminisces about her days as a little girl

At Night

At night after the crickets grind
before the heat of the morning reaches us
and somewhere in the middle
when the train drones past

you look at me; stop and face me
with eyes that push past mine
and see through me while soaking in
everything—slowly, at the same time.

When I look back, stare, all I find
is your steadfast trap. No mirror, no
window through your thoughts,
just those earth eyes of yours that

can take away a piece of me
and never leave a drop behind.
That give and take at night with you
makes me drop my curtain every time.

playing with the dishes in the store. Mary teases her about never moving too far away from home.

"My daughter used to call me Mrs. Olsen from Little House on the Prairie, living in the back of the store and all, and said, 'If I'm Mrs. Olsen then you're Nellie.' And she said 'Oh, I'm not like her.' And I said, 'I'm not like ole Mrs. Olsen either.' I wish we was rich like them though," Mary says as Felicia bends over in laughter and drops a handful of beads she was playing with back into their box.

Felicia is hesitant to think about taking over the bead shop because she says Mary is the one who gives it soul.

"If I'm here running the store by myself, people will come in and say, 'Oh, don't buy anything. It's not worth buying if Mary's not here,'" she says.

But Mary guarantees that no one will have to worry about that anytime soon.

"Some real estate lady called and asked me if our house was for sale and I said 'no,' and she said, 'you didn't even let me make an offer,' and I said, 'I don't care. I'm here 'till I die,'" Mary says. "I hope I'm doing this until the day I die. I would be perfectly happy if I just fell asleep and died in this here chair."

Just the talk of the store one day coming to a close is enough to rile the bead crowd up.

"Mary, I don't know what we'll do if this place ever closes," Betty says with a hint of worry. "This is my cheap therapy."

But Mary, not a young woman, shows her strength by continuing to carry stacks of old magazines and boxes to beads from room to room.

"I think I've been here all afternoon," Betty realizes with a glance at her antique silver watch hanging loosely on her slender wrist. "What time is it, 4 o'clock? I've lost track of time. Whenever you get my vases wrapped up, I'll leave this happy place"

But at this rate, Mary won't get to those vases for a while and Betty will lose track of another few hours as old and new friends wander in and out of Mary's home....

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The Felled Oaks

In autumn, 1952 the whole family met up at Grandpa J's farm in the south-eastern bit of Virginia. I was about twelve at the time: small and quiet and bookish. I was told that grandma had passed away by a sickness, but that was about it. The drive took hours and hours and it was hot in our Ford. Mom talked the entire trip about Grandpa J.

"...well he should have sent her to a specialist and not tried to nurse her himself, is all I'm saying, Michael. I mean really, the man can barely take care of himself! He's out there working his fields like it's still the 1800's and I really don't think he should keep doin' it. He's out there in the middle of no-where, he won't see *anyone* and I really don't..." And so on. Pa just nodded most of the time. I looked out the window at the autumn colors while we were in the mountains, but as we went down towards the farm, everything turned green and swampy. The roads were bright red clay.

It was dark when we finally got there and I must have fallen asleep because I don't remember it exactly. We went in and I was told to share a bed with my cousin. I climbed in and closed my eyes immediately.

"This place is a wreck," I remember hearing Mom say before I drifted off, and then it was morning and Grandpa J was standing in front of me with an axe in one hand. It was just barely light and he was shaking me softly. He was a powerfully built man with a short grey beard and bright eyes.

"I'm gonna go chop down some firewood," he said gruffly with a frown. "Tell them if they ask." I nodded and was asleep.

It was much brighter when I opened my eyes again and the smell of bacon and eggs was in the air. The whole family was up and bustling around the small farmhouse: my little cousins were playing with the model automobiles that lined the shelves in the sitting room, knocking over grandma's needlework (*Home of James and Alice Street*); Uncle Paul and Pa were sitting at the small kitchen table in the next room, talking between bites of breakfast about how much the farm might be worth; Uncle Paul's wife was doing the cooking and nodding solemnly as Mom talked more about Grandpa J.

"...He really should be here to greet his family. I don't know what's gotten into him, sneaking off to be alone when we've come all this way to be with him. I really don't think being alone is what's good for an old man when something like this has happened, I mean, really there have been studies that say being around your family will help it go smoother an' everything but he's gonna just disappear on us instead! It's just rude, really and—"

"He told me he's gone out to get firewood." Mom glared at me as if I were trying to play a joke.

"Now why would he do that, Patrick?" my aunt asked, putting some eggs and bacon on a plate for me.

"Why does that man do anything?" Mom started,

turning back to my aunt, "I mean I told him long ago that he doesn't have to keep plowing with that mule of his like it's still the 1800's; he's got plenty of money for a tractor, but he's..."

After breakfast, I headed into the green woods. They were so quiet after the house. The only sound was the gentle swaying sounds of the trees in the wind and the distant rhythmic chopping. I followed a path that Grandpa J has made,

Madison

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When the band took a break, some went for a smoke, or to sneak a drink from their cars. We both went to get fresh air. Outside the concrete pathway wound around and she held onto my arm. Others giggled and ran with the wind, or against it, for fear of firsts. There was a storm coming near, we both knew it, and the brooding purple clouds above watched us walk. The God-breathed sparkle of the city lights, the resurrection of consciousness, the flicker of a welder forming the frame of a great new building, all met the sweeping wind as it whipped through the December air and as I held her close and looked on over the hundreds, no, thousands of houses and buildings—all dark silhouettes except for a sequin light glued to each. Those lights shone brighter for her, and she grabbed my hands and showed me how to cup them to see the sky line shine bright. The closer we walked down the path towards the woods, the more frightened she became, and the closer she drew towards me. I brought her to the edge, to the point where the Zoysia grass met the veiled woods, and held her there. I kissed her lips while the wind whipped and the lights caught us on fire, and I knew then—there was no mistaking it—. The wind drew back in waves and crests and swept across the point, messing up her hair, and I grabbed the loose strands before they flew away, arranged them back against her head, and cupped my hands towards her face to see the lights illuminated.



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towards a swampy area with nothing but water oaks, until I saw the bright red of the handkerchief he always kept in his front pocket.

"Hey Grandpa J."

"What are you doing here, boy?" He has felled at least thirty small trees already, more than he could possibly carry back. His face was bright red and damp with sweat.

"They want you back at the house." He coughed hard into the handkerchief and quickly stuffed it into his pocket. His name, *James*, was sewed into it.

"I a'int going back there," he said, wiping the sweat off his face with his sleeve.

"That's probably a good idea," I said. "It's crazy back there." Grandpa J laughed and patted me on the back.

"Ha, at least *you* get it, boy. Those people are crazy. I'm never going back to have them ship me off to somewhere else and sell our farm. I know what they wan, but they a'int getting it....*my* farm." He mumbled the last two words.

"So you're gonna just live *here*?" I motioned around.

"Sure, why the hell not?" he said and started chopping again. I sat down and waited. "Why the hell not?" he muttered, swinging hard.

By twilight, Grandpa J has cut down every tree around us. He sat down next to me and spun one of the oaks' little branches in his hand. The leaves were shaped like drops of water. They were dark green on one side and paler bluish-green on the other. There were two acorns stuck right next to each other and Grandpa J stared at them for a while and then threw them away.

"What are you still here? Go back to the house." He said to me.

"I don't want to, any more than you do." He smiled.

"We've gotta face the music eventually, boy." He stood up. "Come on."

"Should we grab some wood?" I nodded to the fallen trees.

"No, leave it." The sun was setting as we walked and across from it, a half moon was rising. Grandpa J stumbled a few times. He must have been tired out from all the wood chopping. "Are you good in school?" He asked, after a while.

"Yes." He patted me on the back again.

"Good...good. You'll make a good man."

We found him in his chair the next morning, the red handkerchief clenched in his hand. Same as the wife, the doctor said.

For the first time in my life, I can actually say that I experienced a season within a season; and it was one of the most refreshing experiences I've ever had.

The autumn winds won't start blowing until around early October in Birmingham, Chelsea, Sylacauga, Alexander City, or even Auburn. That's just the way it is. Old Mother Nature seems to lose her reading glasses around that stretch of highway and arrives late with the seasonal change. Every once in a while, though, she gives you a little taste of what is to come: rare hours of solitude where you find yourself in a state of relaxation and wonder at the clear blue skies or the leaves on the trees. You just have to look for them.

It was the first weekend back at school. I had spent my entire summer once again nestled up on that mountain in the northeast corner of the state trying to make a dollar. As a camp counselor, my summer vacation was wholly dedicated to making sure boys from age seven to fourteen were taught the ways of nature, sportsmanship, and teamwork amongst each other. As a camper there myself, the life lessons I learned there stuck with me. When you're that young, you're searching for a hero; someone to worship like a big brother. The counselors did it for me; I could only hope to rub off on these kids in the same positive way. I also really loved being on the mountain. Maybe that's why I decided to spend a weekend back there during that first weekend of fall semester.

It was "Father and Son Weekend". Fathers who had sent their boys to camp during the summer spent hours afterwards listening to their children ramble on and on about their experience. This weekend allowed for those fathers to actually experience the mountain for themselves. I had never gone with my father, nor had I worked as a counselor on such an occasion; so I was looking forward to it.

Since Lookout Mountain is not exactly a short drive from Auburn, my first thought was a carpool. Luckily, three of my friends from school had worked that summer as well; and they were more than willing to pack into one car and take a road trip. My friend Dexter volunteered to drive since he had made the trip before. He convinced us that it was not as long a drive as expected; and it wouldn't have been except for the torrential downpour of rain that hit us around Fort Payne, Alabama.

It rained. Hard. Then it stopped. Then it rained some more. Precipitation would hit us in segments as if every other cloud was tired of holding all of that water and was looking for a chance to lighten their load. At first, huge sporadic drops would pop against the windshield letting us know that there was more to come. Then the clouds would unload and we couldn't see five yards in front of us. Dexter's jeep must have really hated him after that trip because of all the stopping and starting he had to do while navigating.

We finally began our ascent up the mountain road and made it to camp. The sun was beginning to set and we made our way to the cabin where all the staff would sleep. We were the first to arrive out of about twenty other guys who we all knew from the summer. After a hefty dinner of Domino's pizza, we spent a little time relaxing on our cabin's porch talking, strumming the guitar, and lighting a cigarette every now and again. We were all asleep by 11:00 in the hopes that we could just get this gloomy weekend over with. I was already tired of the rain.

The next morning took us all by surprise. We woke up shivering. I took a look out of the screen window and was immediately blinded by sunlight. It was the kind of brightness that didn't overpower the air with heat, but brought a cool, autumn breeze along. It felt just like fall.

The morning bell rang by the main lodge and we all got up to work at our assigned activities. I spent the day working with three of my good friends around the ropes course. There was Dexter, who went to Auburn with me; and Boone and Will, who both went to school down in Tuscaloosa. We all had spent the summer together, so the friendship bonds were still strong; fresh from a summer of unforgettable experience.

The first three hours of the day were a breeze; figuratively and literally. Fathers and sons went from activity to activity as they pleased. There was a leisurely mindset to the weekend: a relaxing time with men and boys, bonding father and son in the mountain air of Mentone, Alabama. We would send the boys off the thirty-foot high zip line, and then watch their fathers quiver with hesitation on the same element.

Boys would yell from the ground, "Come on, Dad! It's not so bad. I've done this a hundred times!"

Fathers would reply with, "This ain't nothin'! I'm just thinkin' about it!"

The coolness of the air was still fresh over the trees. The sun peaked through the canopy just enough to shimmer on everyone's faces and warm our wind-kissed legs, most of which were bare from us wearing shorts. Nobody had packed cold weather gear; we expected the same muggy conditions that had been present during the summer. Here we were in late August wishing we had packed sweatshirts and blue jeans.

The lunch bell rang and we all sat in the dining hall not as counselors, campers, and fathers, but as a group of men. We all mingled with each other, disseminating any groups that might have formed among each other. Fathers spoke to counselors about the upcoming football season, counselors reminisced with boys about summer experiences, bread was broken and memories were shared.

After lunch was an hour-long rest period. Boone wanted to take a little drive like we'd always done in the summer to smoke a cigarette and discover the landscape. I wanted to take a nap, but something inside me disagreed.

"Robert, you wanna go for a ride?" he asked.

"Sure thing, man. Let me get my shoes," I replied. No nap today.

Will wanted to tag along as well, so while he rode shotgun and I was in the back, Boone was driving in his dirty, beat up SUV. The trunk of the car had everything outdoors in it: climbing ropes, a jacket, boots, a climbing harness that hung from a hanger, and a couple of backpacks. His car even smelled like the outdoors. With mud on the tires from going off-road and a dusty old moon-roof, this four-by-four was the perfect machine for our drive.

We left the camp grounds and headed toward and old road we were familiar with across the small town of Mentone. Boone and I lit up a cigarette while Will took a pinch of tobacco and placed it between his lip and his bottom teeth. With the windows down and Lynyrd Skynyrd blasting over the speakers, it was summertime all over again.

Except it wasn't. The air was so cool and crisp that we all wondered whether or not we were still in Alabama. Boone drove over a hill through town and up another to a flat road with fields of wildflowers on both sides. The sky was so blue that day that I got lost in it; the kind of clear sky that would make you believe in a Creator regardless of your religion. Bees, butterflies, and hummingbirds swam swiftly among the fields as the yellow and white flowers swayed in the mountain breeze on the side of the road. The old wooden fence that enclosed the fields ran along the side of the car like a moving picture. I was convinced that I was in one of Thoreau's works or a painting by one of the Romantics.

I took a pull from my cigarette and blew the smoke out the window. Every now and then a lonesome white cloud would glide across that clear blue canvas. It was almost as if the sky

was God's face and he was winking at us, reminding me that nature was for our enjoyment and that this was one of those times of reflection that I had so longed for in my busy summer.

Summertime. Work. It was time to head back down to camp to finish the day.

"Ya'll ready to head back?" Will asked.

"Yeah, let's turn around, Boone. Maybe we can come back up here tonight after dinner," I added.

Boone never wanted to follow rules. He was convinced we were missing something out here.

"Well, wait a minute. Let's find a dirt road up here or something; something new. We've seen this all before. I wanna explore a little," he explained.

We drove a little ways up that long stretch of paved road and into the woods where the pavement became gravel. Trees enclosed us up above and small openings of road appeared on either side of us. Everything was fair game; we just had to make a decision.

Boone drove a little farther, slowed the car down, and pointed out a rocky, dirt road with his stare. He finished his cigarette and threw the butt out the window.

"How's that?" he asked us.

Will and I both just smiled and nodded.

Boone got a look in his eyes that one gets when they are standing in front of a Thanksgiving meal: *what are we waiting for?*

We entered the road with speed. The gravel mixed with some brown dirt and red clay: the perfect recipe for a country road. It was a long and winding descent. The trees grew from hundreds of feet down at the bottom and stretched to reach the top of the ravine. We sped along down the mountain and drifted around the turns. We were having the time of our lives.

"That's what I'm talking about!" Boone yelled as he cleared another sharp turn. The gravel flew around us and the dust rose in clouds behind us. "Call Me the Breeze" took on an entirely new meaning as the song blasted through the speakers. I held on in the back as we rolled down that mountain road and explored new areas of the woods. I laughed and yelled in excitement; something I hadn't done in a long time.

When we finally got to the bottom, the road turned back into pavement, and Boone stopped the car. We looked behind us and realized we had gone down the entire mountain

in a matter of minutes. Our hearts still racing in the autumn dust, we all looked at each other and wondered if we were all feeling the same way. We were.

"Well, I think we're ready to head back, don't ya'll?"

Boone asked with that mischievous little grin of his.

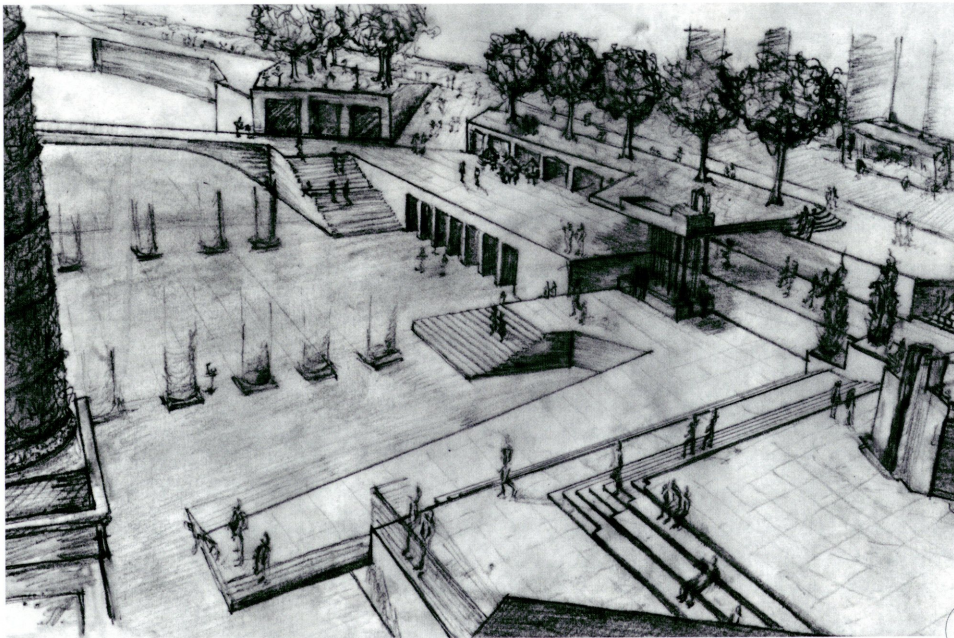
We drove back up the mountain, back down that long stretch of highway, and back to camp. As we rolled in, a doe and her spotted fawn crossed the road behind us. After getting out of the car, Dexter was sitting on the steps waiting for us. "What'd ya'll just do?" he asked with a chuckle.

Boone, Will, and I all smiled. Words couldn't justify our still-racing hearts as the afternoon bell rang.

That night, the entire staff went out to a cliff overlooking the valley and built a campfire. The smoke rose into the night as every star in the universe took a seat in the sky to watch us from above. The next morning, we all said our good-byes, packed our things, and went out our separate ways; back into the real world. When I got back to Auburn, it was almost 90 degrees. Summer hadn't gone away, but I knew in my heart that it wouldn't last for long.

It might have only been a couple of days, even just an hour in the backseat of that car, but the fall touched my soul. People often debate whether or not to destroy land in order to make way for industry, claiming that nature is only good if you can see it. What happened that Saturday was not merely a sight; it was a spiritual experience. Surrounded by nature, I could feel its presence among us as we sped along that mountain road. We had been given a great gift. Nature had bestowed to us a taste of the autumn that was to come. It was a promise of relief from the heat of the summer sun and a welcome greeting as we stuck our noses back into books.

It was just what I had longed for, just what I had needed, just what God had intended. Even weeks after that experience, I still find myself longing for the day when the winds will come back to visit the rolling plains, when the leaves will change, and when the clouds will glide among the clear blue sky. The mountain reminded me why autumn was my favorite time of year and gave me a newfound appreciation for the nature that God had so graciously given to us all.





1

Crab Crusted Tilapia

3

INGREDIENTS

- 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese flavored bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons chopped red bell pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped yellow bell pepper
- 2 green onions, chopped
- 1/4 jalapeno pepper, seeded and minced
- 4 tablespoons butter, melted
- 1 (6 ounce) can crabmeat, drained and flaked
- 2 tablespoons shredded mozzarella cheese
- 4 (6 ounce) fillets Tilapia

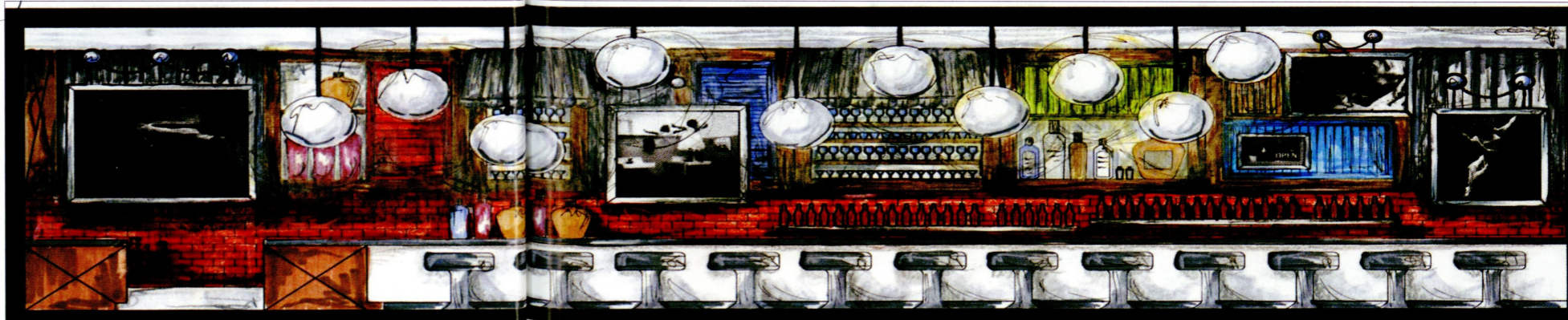
DIRECTIONS

Preheat the oven to 375 degrees F (190 degrees C).
In a medium bowl, stir together the bread crumbs, red pepper, yellow pepper, green onions, jalapeno, butter, crabmeat, and mozzarella cheese. Arrange tilapia fillets in a single layer in a 9x13 inch-baking dish. Spread the crumb topping evenly over the fish. Bake the fish in the oven for 30 minutes, or until the fish can be easily flaked with a fork. If you have thin fillets, you may broil for 10 minutes instead of baking.

2



4

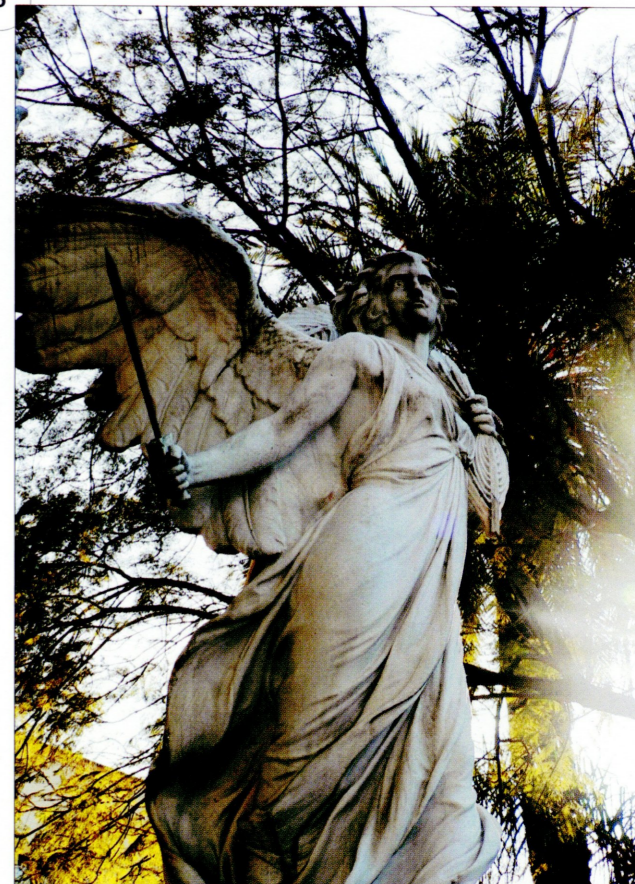


Pandora

5

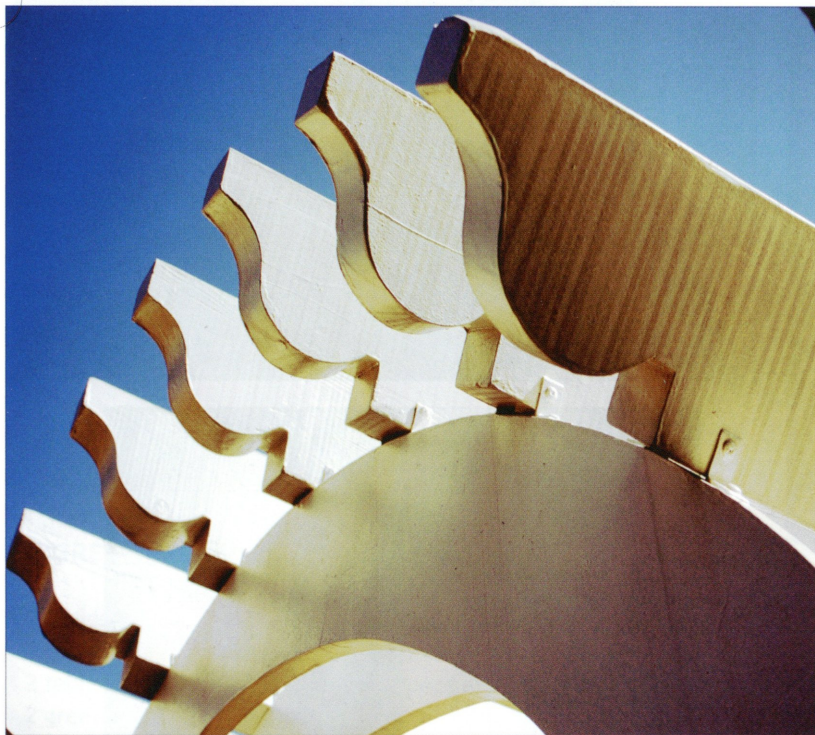
Once upon a time, there was a box.
There was box that was carried by a girl
like a much-needed body part,
a priceless work of art
that had lost its name.
Once upon a time, there was a boy.
There was a boy who asked a girl,
"What's inside that box
you carry like it holds
all the world?"
Looking into his blue eyes,
alight with color,
alight with the memory
of another Once Upon A Time,
she said in a voice that feathered across the skies,
"Inside the box are seventeen people holding hands."
"And who are these people?" he asked.
"Do they dance?"
"Why, of course," she said.
"They are frozen in motionless dance,
locked in Forever's romance
that pulls them toward
their own Once Upon A Time.
Between them whispers of black and white twist themselves
around the edges of their fingers,
holding them tightly in a circle of gray,
and there they stay, falling without gravity
towards a photograph, time-trapped in the air;
a photograph of seventeen people holding hands around a photograph;
a photograph of seventeen people, each one of whom
are me."
Then she showed him the hole in her chest
where the box fit the best, and said,
"Once upon a time, there was a boy.
There was a boy who carved a hole into a girl,
and built a box for her to carry, like it held
all the world.
Her heart was chipped into seventeen pieces,
and into the box they were cast;
sentenced to bear it 'till breathing her last,
sentenced to stare through a colorless past;
punished by stripping her sight of all but the black
and the white;
punished for giving the box
to the first pair of blue eyes,
alight."

6



7

2



Cunae Noctis

3

Amanda reads the river with her fingers
Beneath the water, when an Echo speaks:
"The moon is merely dust. The ocean leaks.
Your treasure is the hostage of its bringers."

The Echo ends, yet bangs her ear and lingers:
"Dark time continues passing while no peaks
Pass through the cycle, though the river seeks
Escape, it finds with time that everything blurs."

The Echo speaks the words, but lacks conviction.
Still, with her eyes Amanda finds the light
The sun has sent the river by reflection.

Illuminating water, giving sight,
The moon, though dust, proclaims the sun's direction
Holds zenith while we spin to end the night.



4



1. "Memory Garden" : Nikon D60, ANDY McERLEAN 2. "Looking Up" : Canon Rebel Xsi, MATT HENDERSON
3. "Cunae Noctis" : poetry JASON WILCOX 4. "Twists and Turns" : oil pastel, pen, coffee filters, sharpie, GLENDINNING JOHNSTON
5. "Tiffany and Co. Perspective" : marker hand rendering, ERIN ZEANAH

6

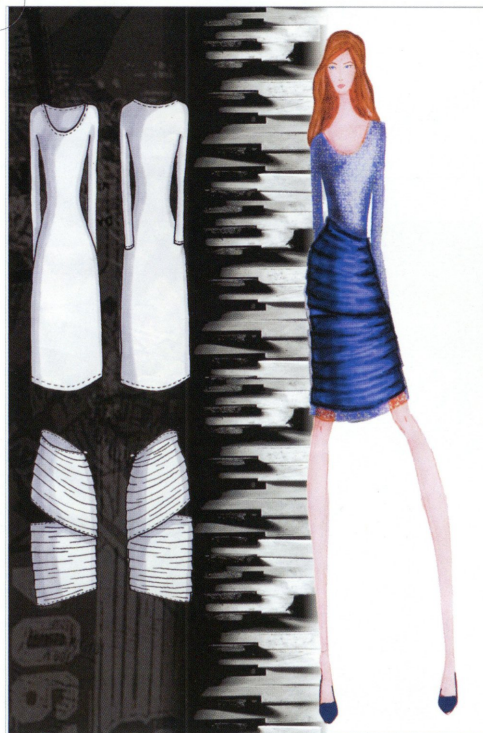


7



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9



6. "Old San Juan": Ricoh Capilo R4, DANIELLE KESSLER 7. "La Tour Eiffel": Nikon D60, DAVID GRAHAM
8. "Jellyfish": Nikon D300, JON DAVID SCHEIN 9. "Dress Skirt Flat": marker and colored pencils, LAUREN MELLOR

1



2



4



3



1. "Platanos" : digital camera, SARA BETH TERRY 2. "Metro Bank Volume Space" : marker and colored pencil, BRITTANY FLEMING
3. "Old Chevy" : Nikon D3, VICKI JOHNSON 4. "Tre Barche" : Canon Rebel XS, HILARY BARRINGER

5



6



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7



8

5. "Sitting on the dock of the bay" : Canon SX110 IS, LAUREL SCHWEERS 6. "Van Gogh Root" : Sony Cybershot, HILLARY FLOYD
 7. "Oil and Rain" : Sony Cybershot, HILLARY FLOYD 8. "Las Ruinas Arabes" : Olympus Stylus 720 SW, GRACE HENDERSON
 9. "Margot in Blue" : water color mosaic, ANNA HUTAFF

9



1



2



3

4

A Mind Unfortunate

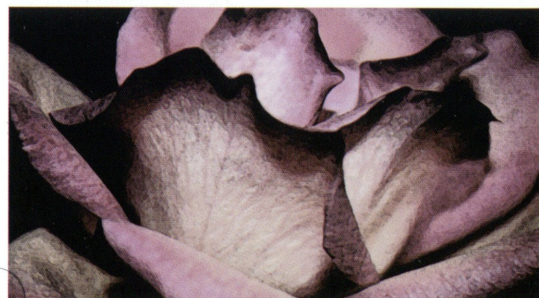
What is it that escapes me!
 like a moth that flutters
 in its window pane
 until its body
 with the ceaseless nagging of death
 runs cold

Oh death so sweet and strong
 Should come up on my mind
 That will not cease its own chaotic rhythm!

For untangled are not my brain and heart
 Yet one would have the other slain
 Woe is I who hath not

A witless heart

Or soulless brain



5

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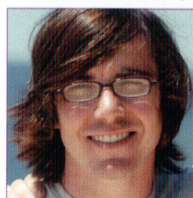
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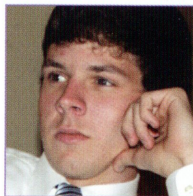
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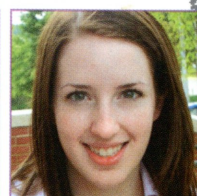
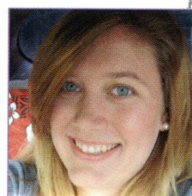
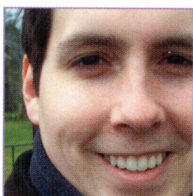
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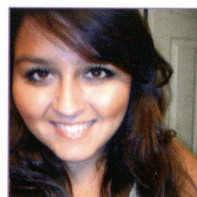
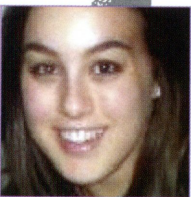
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